VIEW from the BOTTOM

NOV 27 1969 VOL 1 NO 3 NEW HAVEN, CONN. 25¢

"a fine day for a football game"

nixon

Sandy Sidar

March against Death. Crawling out of the car at Arlington into the freezing cold, surveying the green-striped tents at the river bank. Waiting in line, in the darkness. 1:30 am Saturday morning. Marshalls every fifty feet, keeping us cheerful while they freeze. The cops, friendly. The wind screaming down the Potomac like a scythe. Trying to keep candles lighted. Burning up paper cups. Candles through the bottom of the cup.

Toying with the identity of a printed card around my neck. Michael Nystul from Minnesota. Once a breathing hunk of protoplasm, now plain dirt. Thinking what a small, what a tiny thing we're doing for peace by driving down here and marching. Seeing the buildings. Seeing what an amateur, what a really pathetic thing this is; this tiny line of people winding day and night past the plastic-stone neon geometry of government, complex beyond imagining. What are we doing? Do we know? All those thousands of people that work in those buildings, all the experts, all the computers and the information and the power...and here we are, an army of scrufty buggers come to wander over the sidewalks and go home...

Stopping for the traffic lights, making conversation, guarding our candles, thinking about the cold. Making it to the White House. Shouting the name of a dead man at the darkened facade of sterile white (out of earshot anyhow) closed up and vacant.. whether or not anyone's there. Carrying the name card on to the Capitol, and its coffin. 5 am, sleepin bag on a friend's floor, thawing out and collapsing.

Saturday morning, bright and clear, straggling down the hill and into the tides of people on the Mall. Nearly noon. Wondering how many people ar there. Somehow the numbers s:-m very important. The permit for Pennsylvania Avenue expires at 12:30. Hundreds of thousands of people waiting to march are told over the PA system to give up and proceed down the Mall to the rally site. Up to the monument and over the hill, getting closer to Pete Seeger's voice. "If you'll take my hand, my son, all will be well when the day is done...day is done...day is done..." Hundreds of thousands of people settling in on the damp grass.

The speeches? We know them before they start. The cold afternoon stretches on toward evening. Shit, man, the fucking war. Oh, some pretty radical speeches, I guess. Maybe. Every once in a while, penetration. "There's a girl here whose husband's just been brought back from Vietnam to San Francisco. He's shot up pretty bad. He's dying. This girl is broke, and she needs to get out to the Coast. Anyone who can help her please come to the rear of..." In a crowd that size it doesn't take long. Ten minutes later they have three hundred for her. Three hundred bucks to see the man she loves die. Shot up pretty bad. Bleeding his life out in a Frisco hospital. Multiply by 40,000?

You may have seen some things. You may have the Alhambra at Granada, with its acres of infinitely detailed stone, between the sunny snow of the Sierra Nevada and the vast tree-splashed river valley below. You may have seen the bow of a freighter rear up like a frightened pony in a hurricane sea and come crashing down to cement-solid water, shivering the ship from end to end. But you haven't seen shit till you've seen more than half a million people arm in arm, with the music flowing through them like a river of emotion, hands raised in the "v" sign for peace, swaying back and forth together singing "All we are saying...is give peace a chance." Pete Seeger again. Pete Seeger's tough.

Or the entire cast of Hair leading people, people, people, as far as the eye can see, (it's as if you're out of sight of land,) in "This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius." With doves, white doves, sprouting from the platform, streaking into the sky, perching on the tree limbs, flying low over the immense crowd vainly searching for someplace to land...

Or a million people with one voice and one heart singing "Let the sun shine in...let the sun shine in...the sun...shine...in..." All on the same note. All on the same wave-length. All knowing each other, from the edges of the crowd to the center.

The next morning, reading the papers. 1,500,000 announced at the rally. 250,000 admitted by the DC police, in a "modest" estimate. If you were there, you *know* that's horse shit. The Times says it'll go over 300,000. Still low.

The next morning, seeing the papers treat it as another Woodstock. Arlo said he didn't have much to say, it had all been said. The fucking papers took that to mean that we didn't really care too much any more, that we all came for the music. "Youth having its day." You be nonviolent, they write you off. You get violent, they massacre you. Sound familiar? If the NLF eases off on the fighting, the US government figures we're winning and decides to fight harder. If they pick the fighting up, they're in bad faith and have to be punished. Works the same way all over. Very neat.

Worrying. Seeing. Knowing what Nixon, barricaded behind his few thousand telegrams (sent by enterprizing Republican committee people and by everyone they could organize...at a cost of $1.00 each) could not possibly know. Knowing that these people, who are *one out of every five hundred living in the entire country*, who have taken their time and their money to converge on Washington, *are simply not fucking around.* Knowing that the "let 'em eat cake" attitude of a president who watches football games on TV while hundreds of thousands of Americans pour out their hearts and beg him to hear them can only lead in one direction. Seeing, far, far away, ugly spectres on the horizon. Knowing that these same people who joke and laugh with the "pigs," who sing and watch the doves fly, know what they know what they know about the history of Vietnam and Southeast Asia; about American capitalism and corporate power; about the deceitfulness of government and about the realities of influence. Seeing on the horizon the clearly defined shapes of riot, rebellion, insurrection, and yes, even revolution. At Washington, we know that "there is no way to peace; peace is the way." But will all of us know that in six months, or a year, or ten years?

you can get almost anything you want

Don Steed

Nixon's scare technique reached New Haven before it reached D.C. it seems. We had a traffic ticket--and would you believe a $50 bail for that ticket--before we got out of town. D.C., however was all smiles for the march; Woodstock cops with "V" signs and an occasional Mobilization button; Mobe marshalls drilled for days in why "the people" wanted a peaceful march and how to keep it that way; Pete Seeger and Mitch Miller singing 1965 peace songs and politicians using 1965 rhetoric; the Labor Party's 15 banners with circles and arrows and a paragraph on each one, taken down only after they decided "I guess we've made our point"; and an offical police estimate of 250,000 with an offical Mobe estimate of 1,500,000. Not having been at the 1963 Civil Rights March I've often wondered why Malcolm X called its leadership Uncle Toms. I can NOW see why.

The day was like a huge carnival. One main booth, a few side shows and a hell of a lot of people wandering aimlessly from People's Drugs to Safeway Foods to McDonald's to who knows where and finally home wondering if they missed anything and watching it on the 11 o'clock news.

PL-WSA (Progressive Labor) had their booth set up appropriately at the Labor Department. Nothing much happened and when the pigs came they all moved on down the street to the booth sponsored jointly by SDS-RYM II and the Yippies at the Department of Injustice.

When a few spectators became over-exuberant (by pig standards) and thought the game was to throw things at the monkey the shit came down. In exchange for six broken windows, one paint bomb and one smoke bomb the pigs dropped for our immediate inspection over 50 canisters of CS tear gas (graciously provided as a substitute for clubs) about 100 arrests and a shit-load of hostility. All this of course took place after dark and after the politicians and leaders of the march were safely back at the Holiday Inn.

The march brought out lots of people but so did October's Moratorium and last year's elections. The giant paper-eating machines went to work as fast on Pennsylvania Ave. as on the New Haven Green trying to pretend that very little had happened. The same cannot be said for three buildings in New York City.

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CR Lawn

Peace Now!
Peace NOW!
PEACE NOW!

This is Walter Wagoner for *WYBC FM* News. People are streaming down the avenue toward the Justice Department. In the distance you can hear tear gas shells going off down there. The American flag is being taken down in front of the Justice Department. Lights are going off. People are massed in the street. There are sirens in the distance.

"Some of the kids over there threw rocks at the windows and took down the flags. After that some of the cops started lobbin' tear gas canisters and then they just started clearin' people out of there."

... Lot of gas going on down there from the sound of things.

"*Brummm, Brmmmm, Brmmmmm*" (police motorcycles revving up)

Cheers going up--just brought the flags down again. Police spotlights have now been turned on and are focused on the demonstration immediately in front of the Justice Department.

Boom, Boom, Boom!
"Walk, dammit. Walk, Walk, Walk!"
Boom, Boom
"Holy shit!"
"Walk, Walk, WALK!"
Boom!
Boom! Crack! Boom!
Craboom!
"It's not tear gas!"
Boom, Boom, BOOM!
"FUCK YOU!"
Crack, Crack, CRACK!
" Walk!"
uhauha
"go on, go on"
"oh!"
"Bullshit!"
(crying, retching)
"Help, HELP!"
ahhggg!
Boom, Boom, BOOM!!
(crying, screaming, retching)
ughhh!
ugh!
"Whew! How you doin' folks?"
ooh
"Dirty fuckin dogs!"
(retching)
"Fucking pigs stamped on the gas first!"
"WALK SLOW!"
uhauhauhaeggh
"hey don't rub your eyes, fellows, it hurts, it makes it worse, OK"
"Peace, peace, peace"
"Don't rub your eyes"
"I love you"
"Pop, I love you"
"Where are we?"
"Alright next time!"
"ten"
"men, its gonna be alright"
"Ten. ten. ten."
"Cover up. Don't rub your eyes."
"ITS BURNING."

The area in front of the Justice Department is completely enveloped in tear gas... People were very calm during the whole time. It's still coming in. They're lobbing shells right into the retreating spectators.

Power to the people! Power to the people! POWER TO THE PEOPLE! **POWER TO THE PEOPLE!**

"You OK?"
"I feel horrible."
"I know, so do I."
"Oh, WOW!"
"The worst is past now."
"I don't BELIEVE it."
"Smash the fucking state."
"Pigs, pigs, pigs."

Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, NLF is gonna win, Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, NLF is gonna win, HO HO HO CHI MINH, NLF IS GONNA WIN!, **HO HO HO CHI MINH, NLF IS GONNA WIN!!**

TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT ORGANIZE TO SMASH THE STATE; TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT, ORGANIZE TO SMASH THE STATE!!

"Oh, you were beautiful."
"I could hardly walk."

Walter Wagoner taped the Injustice Department action on the spot.

you can almost get anything you want

Franz (Duke) Douskey

So once again we have approached a face to face encounter. Once again we have taken only a glance sideways. Afraid to take a full view. The battleground comes into sight, but the reason to fight is still out of focus. We stay divided. One side remains unjust because of the insanity of their beliefs. The other becomes insane because of the injustice they are continually confronted with. So here we are. Divided. The line becomes clearly drawn. The masses of both sides reluctant to fight, however willing to fight to maintain their ideological equalibrium. And whom does this fusion serve. Certainly it is distraction enough to cloud the usual madness that pervades our "normal" process of government. And perhaps this is the essence of the madness. As long as the people are divided they can never unite. If they never unite then the masses will remain powerless, and this of course best serves the interest of any government. For as long as a nation can prevent its people from uniting, then obviously the longer that governing force will stay in power. This certainly must be the ultimate purpose of any government, not to serve its people, but to stay in power at all costs.....

So here we are back from Washington. We for the most part are still intact. We, for the most part are still united. But the war drags on. We are home again, but the war goes on. Our efforts have altered the thoughts of only a few. The war goes on.

What do we do next. Where do we go. The death grip of anguish and frustration gathers around our throats. What are we to do. We are back home. Nothing much has changed. What are we to do. How do we deal with our bitterness. The enemy's stance is firmly entrenched in the blind glory ignorance of believing that no matter who is in power, because of that power, they can do no wrong. They are the enemy because they choose to remain ignorant, blinded by their "patriotism", not of justice, but of power, to sanctimoniously defend the unequivocal insanity of war. How are we to survive. Fight this madness. Do we take to the streets. Follow our emotion. Lead blindly. Become the madmen. Are we to be led blindly into battle. Embrace a madness just as insane as the one that is choking us now. We are home again. Relatively intact. The war goes on. Our coutry goes through another war. Another country. Another war moves through our country. "Our" country. We never learn. We base our prosperity on the loss of others. A system that can only survive as long as it keeps its people divided and oppressed. But what country is different. The recipes may change, the ingredients shuffled, but you always know who is just about to get burnt. It is no longer our country. It has been a bad courtship. A country trying to be "faithful" to too many. It has embraced too many, and not always above the belt. We have become alienated. Exiles within the kingdom. The marriage has been called off. The groom has knocked up too many mistresses for the bride to live with him with honor. She has seen through his protecting love. It is rape. Where statutory or forcible is not part of the arguement....IT IS RAPE!!!!

We are back home. The war goes on. It is part of our natural equalibrium not to accept defeat. Where are we to go. Should we take a different look, a harder stand. Welcome those who embrace us first, not because we agree with them, but because we are back home, our bodies tired, and wanting to be embraced, and even more perhaps, wanting to embrace. We are home. Our needs are simple. We are tired. In a weakened state. Do we take the first lover. Do we take on a madness just as mad as the one that oppresses us now. Do we learn to concede, as did our fathers, or do we learn that concessions take us further from the direction in which we want to go. Should we make deals to defeat those who oppress us now with those who will only oppress us later. It is only a matter of degrees. What is needed is a new way of looking. A new way of dealing with the human being. One in which we are allowed our freedom which still keeps us on an unswerving direction of learning to rise above this madness that is forced down our throats, that keeps us down. We must stand together. Develop our beliefs. Practice our ideals. Not trade one sadistic mother for another. Most important, we must stand together. Together. We must learn to trust again. To have faith in each other. Learn to give freely and openly without consideration, because we're the only hope we've got..... having so much in common.....being bastard children of the same loveless whore. It is no longer a question of war, but rather which one of us is the enemy.

FREE ERICA FREE ROSE FREE FRANCIS FREE LORETTA FREE MAUDE FREE JEAN FREE PEGGY FREE ERICA FREE ROSE FREE

RALLY TO FREE THE CONNECTICUT 14

NOON BEAVER POND PARK

Seven of our Sisters in the Black Panther Party and seven Panther Brothers have now spent over six months in jail on charges of conspiracy, murder, kidnapping and binding. These charges are false. The Connecticut 14 were arrested because of their political work. There is no chance of a fair trial. These Panthers are political prisoners.

Women's Liberation in conjunction withthe Black Panther Party has called amajordemonstration to take place on Saturday, November 22, to protest the treatment of our Sisters and Brothers and to demand their release. The focal point of the demonstration will be the women in Niantic State Farm.

All seven Sisters are kept in isolation from the other prisoners. Two of these women are pregnant. One has just given birth under dreadful conditions. Her first child was delivered by Caesarean section after 30 hours of labor. She was surrounded by armed guards. Her family was denied entrance to the hospital and never saw the baby or their daughter throughout the terrible ordeal. The next day they were refused information on her condition. What now awaits our two pregnant Sisters? Their babies, too, will be born under armed guard and then be taken away.

Not one sister has been tried or found guilty of any crime. Yet they are denied: legal right to interview counsel; physical right to choice of doctors; physical right to exercise, fresh air, rest and proper clothing; human right to their children. constitutional right to prepare for their defense.

To keep these injustices hidden and try the Panthers in secret, a court order has been issued forbidding any demonstrations within 500 feet of the courthouse, where the trial will be held. No sound or picture equipment is allowed in the court room, not even sketching. Everyone connected with the case has been ordered to remain silent.

Women's Liberation will break that silence. We will demonstrate in support of our Panther Sisters and Brothers. We will meet at Beaver Pond Park, join women and men from New York, New Jersey, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington and march the eight blocks to the New Haven Green. Our demands are:

- Freedom for all political prisoners
- Immediate release of the pregnant women on their own recognizance until the trial
- Reasonable bail for the remaining Sisters and Brothers of the Black Panther Party
- An end to their isolation both from other prisoners and from visitors of their choice
- Recognition of their constitutional rights to freedom of association as pretrial detainees in order to prepare for their defense
- The human rights of mothers and children to medical, prenatal, and maternity care by physicians of their own choice in non-coercive surroundings
- The right for these mothers to make their own arrangements for the custody of the children in accordance with their wishes and the wishes of the Black Panther Party.

Although we do not believe that children are the private property of their mothers, we challenge the right of this State to substitute itself as guardian of children. The State subjects women to tortuous treatment by maintaining inadequate and repressive orphanages, foster homes and state institutions, as well as subjecting poor women and children to an oppressive welfare system. Therefore, the State has proven itself an unfit guardian for human beings.

AIM Newsletter

Since we recognize the Black Panther Party as the true representative of the people;
WE DEMAND with the mothers, that the Black Panther Party be allowed to care for these children as is the desire of the Black Panther men and women.
WE DEMAND immediate freedom for the Connecticut Panthers and for all political prisoners.
WE DEMAND an end to the isolation and sleepless nights.
WE DEMAND adequate diet, exercise and clothing.
WE DEMAND their right to choose counsel.
WE DEMAND their right to prenatal and maternity care by doctors of their choice.
WE DEMAND their right to give birth without armed guards.

Because the U.S. is waging a genocidal war of aggression against the Vietnamese people;
Because the U.S. is waging a similar war, with different means, against the black, brown and poor people;
Because the Vietnamese are fighting back and WINNING on their home front;
Because the black, brown and poor people are RISING UP on the domestic front;
Because women are STRUGGLING for the same things that all oppressed peoples are fighting for—

WE WILL SHOW THE PRISONS, THE COURTS, AND THE STATE THAT WE WILL NOT TOLERATE THE OPPRESSION OF OUR SISTERS ANYWHERE IN ANY WAY, SHAPE OR FORM

Sat. Nov. 22, NEW HAVEN

N.E. WOMEN's Liberation and the Black Panther Party of Conn. are calling for a massive demonstration to pretest the "preventative detention" of the Conn. Panthers and in support of all political prisoners.
DOCTORS WILL BE WITH US TO DEMAND IMMEDIATE ENTRY INTO THE PRISON TO CARE FOR OUR SISTERS.

FREEDOM IS A LONG TIME coming...

A frigid woman has a problem only a shrink (or Mr. Right) can help her overcome. Homosexuals have crazy mothers and sissy fathers. Nymphomaniacs obey some inner urge no one can define. And Lesbians are that way so they can get on the softball team. Everybody's sexual heroics or inadequacies are easily explained as being due to individual personality differences or strange family situations--something very personal anyway. Even with "modesty" fast becoming an archaic word we still think of sex as veing very private; it's easier to talk about our financial affairs than our love affairs; it's easier to say "I flunked the test" than " I came too late."

The popular wisdom doesn't let us blame our sexual hang-ups on society-- if it did, we could easily talk about sex. There is a sense, however, in which the social nature of our attitudes about sex is recognized. It's now the fashion to put down the straight-laced teachings we grew up with and to blame them for for our inability to really enjoy sex.

One straight-laced teaching in particular deserves to be singled out for special condemnation. That is what the clinical types call the Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm. We owe this long-lived idiocy to Sigmund Freud and his popularizers. As he set it out, adolescent girls get their sexual kicks from their clitoris-- masturbating and such. But as we all know, masturbation will drive you insane and put pimples on your face, so that kind of sexual fun must be very very bad.

And since adolescent girls aren't supposed to be making it with adolescent boys, "real sex" can't happen till one is an adult. As adults, women are supposed to find their pleasure through a man and that means the vagina has to be the place where all the fireworks happen. And if women find that not to be the case Freud called them "sexually immature" -- still hung up on their childish little clitorises-- frigid. In 1944 Edmund Bergler figured that 70-80 per cent of all the women in the country were "frigid" by this standard.

Not until 1966 when Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson published their *Human Sexual Response* was this myth successfully attacked. After years of very careful research they found out that there is no such thing as two different kinds of orgasms, that all orgasms have their focus in the clitoris. Even more interesting, they discovered that women, unlike men, can come many times in a row and often have better sex when they 'do it by hand' than in the usual way.

Despite several popularized versions and three years' time, the full impact of the Masters and Johnson studies has yet to be felt. Women still feel guilty if they don't come at the right time and in the right way and sometimes they lie about it to make their men feel better (how would a man know anyway?). Women still aren't aggressive about their pleasure, because to tell a man what to do in bed is to assault his masculinity-- he's supposed to *know*. And women are still submissive and polite, expecting their orgasm to be secondary to a man's and adequate only if the two coincide.

Of course, the Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm is not the only piece of perverted education that we can blame for ruining our evenings. The traditional scapegoat in this respect is the church-- religion in general-- and the anti-human and repressive behavior it has fostered.

But there is one aspect of sex that the usual Sexual-Freedom-Now articles ignore and that is the way in which sexual relations mirror, exaggerate, and in turn contribute to the vicious inequality of power that exists between men and women.

In other words, sex is a power game, and women get to be the losers. If we try to change the rules the men can always threaten to take their football and go home.

If this looks like a pretty rash statement, let's consider for a minute some of the terms we use to talk about sex. Just common everyday terms like "screw" and "fuck." "I really got fucked over." "Screw you." "Fuck off." "All fucked up." "Motherfucker." We grow up knowing that these words mean *dominate, give the business to, overpower, destroy, humiliate,* and we have to to *learn* to use them nicely in a strictly sexual sense. Even so, something like "let's fuck" lacks a certain tenderness.

Other words are similar in that they reflect the fundamental power relationship. "He laid her," "she was had." If a man says "I got laid" he's borrowing a term a woman is supposed to use. You can be pretty confident he doesn't mean a woman laid him down and fucked him and he usually doesn't mean to imply that a man did either.

In so-called "polite" conversation and in literature, the words and phrases used for intercourse are less crude but in a way more explicit. "She surrendered herself to him," "he took her, possessed her, had his way with her." *Surrender* is apt. It evokes memories of one's mother warning "Don't let him go too far; don't let him do this; don't let him do that." And from poppa we got "No pimpley-faced kid is going to do that to my daughter." Little girls grow up thinking of sex as something that must be either submitted to or resisted... as something that is *done to* them.

And the attitudes learned later in life only reinforce those formed in adolescence. Women hear from self-styled "knowledgeable" men that all women secretly want to be raped. Norman Mailer, coming on like he has ten balls, informs us of how he finally made a frigid little Jewish girl come by turning her over and fucking her in the ass. Even the 5th-grade-level "Brief Poem" this newspaper printed a couple of weeks ago reflects this sex-as-brutal-dominance perversion. "Oh please don't touch me there." The lady doesn't want any. "Oh please don't touch. Oh please don't." But if the man persists, keeps going whether she wants it or not, *forces* her... "Oh please, Oh, O..." *Then* she'll like it. All women want to be raped, right?

So, one of the reasons women don't enjoy sex as much as they could is because they're always being pressured, bullied and forced into it. Another reason is that, even if they're not forced into it, they can't escape the cultural attitudes that say women are the victims in sex, the ones who surrender, the ones who are taken, had and laid.

As a matter of fact, the whole notion of sacrifice and surrender pervades every part of a woman's life. A "good mother" is one who continually ignores her own needs and desires in favor of those of her family. A "good wife" is always there behind her husband, making him look good, helping him out, cheering him on, ironing his shirts, raising his children. A "good woman" puts her man's sexual pleasure before her own-- "after all, men need sex more."

Women concieve of themselves as feminine to the extent that they please men. In bed women want to do what's expected of them. And now with the "Sexual Revolution," men are beginning to expect their women to perform. "Did you come?" "Was tonight the night?"

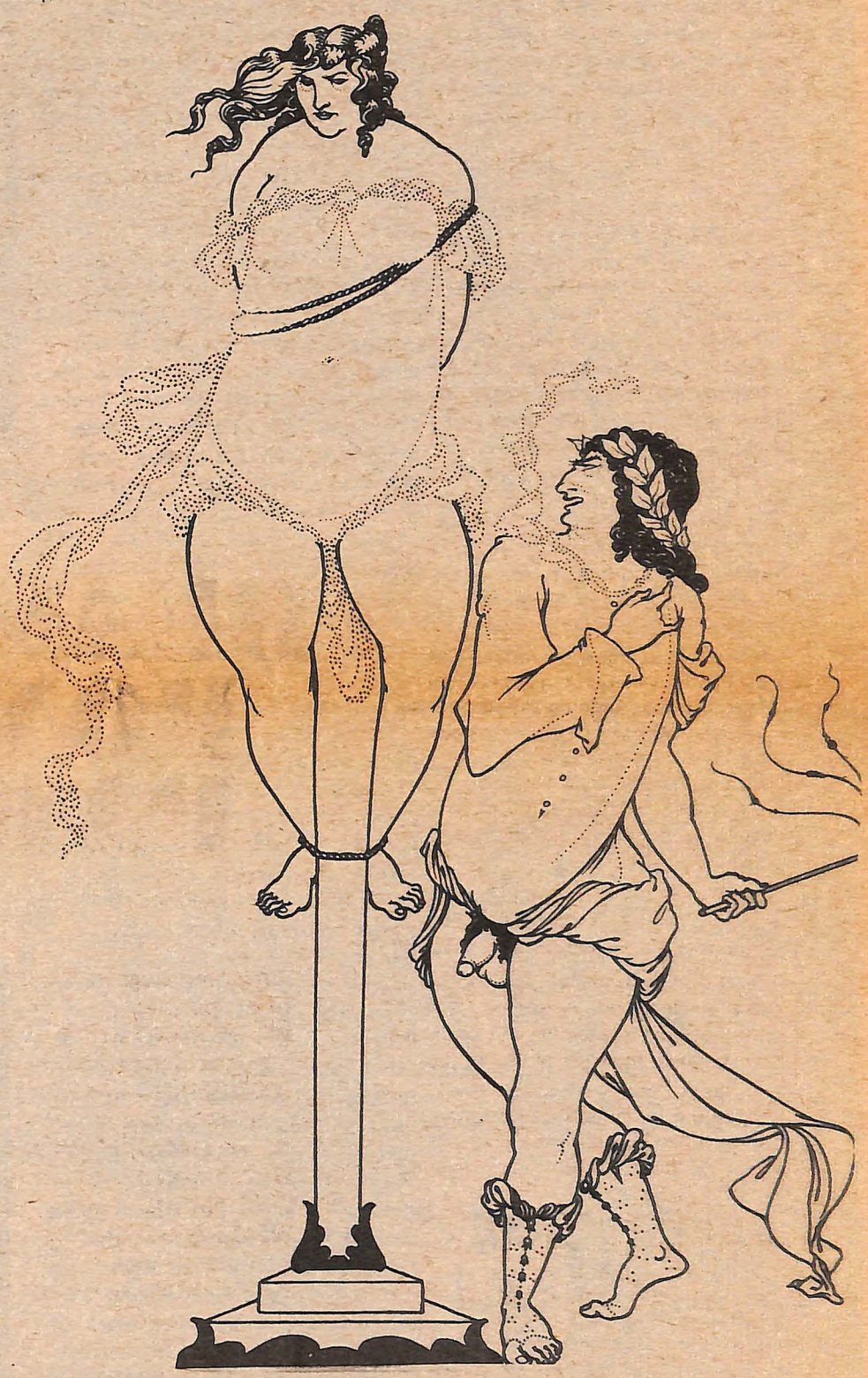
What if a woman said "No"? What if she said her man was inconsiderate and undisciplined and didn't know what turned her on? It would take an unusual amount of courage for a woman to say this; she would be saying in effect that she was different from all those mythical other women who told him he was such a good lay. After all, doesn't she want to be a hip groovy chick? And don't hip groovy chicks demonstrate their grooviness by jumping into the sack with hip groovy guys, digging every minute of it?

What's happening now with the Aquarian Children is a subtler version of the 50's back-seat-of-the-car syndrome that went something like "Do you love me? Prove it."

"Sexual Revolution" or not, nothing is fundamentally changed for women sexually. What used to be a "wifely obligation" is now a "revolutionary duty." Nothing has changed because the relations people have with each other (their most intimate and vulnerable) are still power relations. People are fooling themselves if they think they've worked out their own personal utopia in the middle of a cultural pig-sty-- just because the slave is grinnin' and shufflin' doesn't mean she has the same kind of freedom her master does.

If we lose sight of the oppressive nature of our sexual identities, then we only help to continue an inhuman social system that has kept us down too long. And freedom will be a very very long time coming.

Virginia Blaisdell



SANDWICHES
new york delicatessen
1207 Chapel Street 865-9281

Chapel Book Exchange
underground
newspapers
magazines
books
787-4004
chapel & york

BRIEFS

The two little "no trespassing" signs which appeared on the Exit steps Thursday night, and mysteriously disappeared within 24 hours, are rumored to have been removed by Rufus. According to underground reports Rufus has taken them into the sewers.

About 150 law students walked the picket lines Wednesday Oct. 29 in the first class strike in the school's history. The strike was called over three different issues: harassment of black students by New Haven pigs, the disciplinary procedure at the law school, and the breakdown in student-faculty relations following a secret faculty meeting on Sunday, October 26.

Angered by the administration's failure to act on their complaints of police harassment, members of the Black Law Students' Union disrupted classes for about eight minutes on October 20. When Dean Felstiner informed four of the black students that disciplinary action was being brought against them, the BLSU met and sent telegrams to all faculty members asking them to come to an emergency meeting on Monday, October 27. The faculty met in secret on Sunday, in violation of an agreement reached with student negotiators last year. News of the meeting leaked to some student association members in advance, but they were rebuffed when they tried to sit in on the meeting. The students then called a meeting , which was the first of a series which culminated in the strike. The strike, which bared deep divisions among the students, was about 40 per cent effective.

Disciplinary proceedings against three of the students have been dropped, with the students receiving letters of reprimand. The case of the fourth student is proceeding. There are no students on the disciplinary committee.

The Coalition to defend the Panthers is a collection of community groups who are working for a fair trial of the Panthers.

The Coalition fears that a fair trial of the Panthers is virtually impossible unless concerned citizens try to counteract the campaign of public hysteria against the Black Panther Party members that was launched only a few hours after their arrest.

In its opening statement, the Coalition said, "The May 22 New Haven Register carried mug shots of arrested Panthers all across the front page as accompaniment to a highly inflammatory article in which several "leaks" from police sources were cited to describe alleged evidence against the Panthers. The tone of this article and others, coupled with the disclosure of evidence which, if it exists at all, should only be introduced at the trial, is an attempt to violate the Panthers' constitutionally-guaranteed presumption of innocence and ensure the conviction of the Panthers before the trial even begins. The Black Panther Party takes radical political positions, and members of the party, in violation of their constitutional rights, are on trial for those positions. The arrest of Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the Party, raises the possibility that this trial will become the Sacco and Vancetti trial of the 1970's. It is this that the Coalition seeks to avoid."

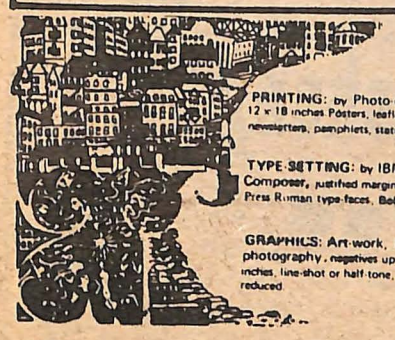
The Coalition plans to raise funds for the legal defense of the Panthers. Since the Coalition is primarily middle-class, its main educating work will be aimed at middle-class groups and people. Coalition groups plan to speak before as many community groups as are interested.

The work of the Coalition is strictly defenseve in nature. The People to Free the Panthers, on the other hand, will be much more radical and directly political in their actions. This group, functioning under the leadership of the Panthers, is comprised of radicals who on the whole agree with political program of the Panthers, and want to work, not just to free the New Haven 14, but also to advance the work of the Panthers and the movement. They are made up of movement people in New Haven, primarily Panther Party members, SDS, and AIM. Plans include publication of the newsletter "RIGHT ON" and leafletting and canvassing the white working class community factories, colleges and high schools.

The Panthers are once again sponsoring a Free Breakfast for School Children program, on Monday through Friday from 6:30 to 8:00 A.M. at the Newhallville Teen Lounge on Shelton Avenue and at the Hejaz Grotto Co-op in the Hill. All children are welcome and free transportation is provided. For further information, call 562-7463. Donations of food, money, utensils, and time are constantly needed for this program to serve the people fully.

THE NEW STONE HOUSE
19 Water St. Guilford

MAC-TRIFF'S
Home of Jazz
1180 Chapel St.



PRINTING: by Photo-offset up to 12 x 18 inches Posters, leaflets, bulletins, newsletters, pamphlets, stationery, cards.

TYPE-SETTING: by IBM Selectric Composer, justified margins, Univers & Press Roman type-faces, Bold or italics.

GRAPHICS: Art-work, headlines, photography, negatives up to 12 x 18 inches, line-shot or half-tone, enlarged or reduced.

The Advocate Press
76 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN. 06511. (203) 777-0800.

OLIN settlement

Tom Cole

Members of IAM Victory Lodge 609 voted to accept a new contract at Olin Mathieson, ending a 17-week strike, on Tuesday November 17. Because the strike, which had put 3,000 workers on the streets since the middle of July threatened the company in several important ways, Olin finally raised its offer significantly.

The terms of the settlement enable the workers to overcome the wage cuts that would have been sustained under the original proposal. It looks as if the new contract may approximately keep pace with the rising cost of living for the next three years, with some added fringe benefits.

Threats of mass picketing and community support probably hastened the company's new offer. The sense of this CCSOS leaflet obviously hit home to many people:

Credit/Olin Strike News

WHY WE ARE HERE:

We are student, teacher, housewife, welfare mothers black and white, and Connecticut community resident. We have come here today to support the striking Olin workers in their three-month-old struggle for job security and a living wage. We join their fight against a company that has nakedly insulted the trade union movement and the community by its greed and stubbornness.

We feel that if Olin is able to trample on its employees, defeat the union, and lower wages in this crucial struggle, the whole community--black and white, worker and student-- will suffer. More unemployment, lower wages, discrimination, and fewer rights and weaker union protection will hurt everyone in Connecticut.

Many of us have marched and rallied in the cause of Civil Rights and Peace in the past. Today, we join the workers' struggle at Olin because we realize that our ideals-- real freedom, equality, and peace-- are those of the working people of America; they can only be won when we have united with them to smash the arrogant power of huge corporations like Olin. These corporations exploit their employees while they use their huge profits to control the police and politicians that rule us, the schools that indoctrinate us, the newspapers that misinform us and the military that oppresses us.

YOUR FIGHT IS OURS!
SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

Olin had been withholding vacation pay, which was due in August, up until the time of the settlement. The union claimed that the company was using this as a bargaining weapon. The NLRB investigated and was scheduled to try the company at a public hearing on Nov. 25. This seems to have been another factor affecting the company's new proposal.

Each of the union members was given $25 per week from the union for the duration of the strike. Men and women with families of 4 or 5 are obviously not able to live on $25 per week, as the company was well aware. Olin took advantage of the situation to try to outlast the strikers and to force them to accept an oppressive contract. By the middle of October, workers, many of whom were looking for jobs elsewhere, began to show that they knew where the shit was coming down. For three months the company had not made any attempt at bargaining, (beyond their original "final" offer) and people were getting cold and hungry. Scabs were carrying on some production, and trucks and cars passed across the picket lines every day. Of course the cops were there to make sure that the scabs and bosses crossed the picket line. On several occasions windows were broken and cars were stopped and hassled.

Community people who were anxious to support the strikers leafletted at Olin and began to give active support. AIM, Connecticut Committee to Support the Strikers, Yale SDS and New Haven SDS joined the picket lines. The atmosphere was tense and people were obviously tired of being messed over. Rank and file union members often spoke of mass picketing and stopping trucks and cars from crossing the lines, but never really made it happen. On October 20, the cops suddenly multiplied around 4 o'clock, the same time that those still in the plant were about to finish their work day. Cops made several arrests of shouting or "loitering" picketers and many of the supporters began to direct their comments (or jeers) toward the strike-breaking cops. (Incidentally, one union member who has an 8-hour job at Olin and also works with the police department was out there fucking over his brothers and sisters. Contradictions of the system?) No real trouble took place although tempers flared and two of those arrested thrust their clenched fists through a hole in a departing paddy wagon, drawing a huge roar from the supporters and picketers.

Meet Mora. She is 8½.

FIND A FRIEND SERVICE WELCOMES YOU

FIRST AND BEST IN THE FIELD IT CREATED

advertisements carried in Keyhole and it is already obvious that this fantastic new method of meeting new people, making new friends and even locating marriage partners is going to be one of the most successful such undertakings in recent times.

As you can see from the new ads listed in this issue, dozens of readers are using the service to advertise for new friends. In addition, hundreds of letters of reply are being processed through Find-A-Friend offices for ads that have already appeared in this publication.

It's easy for you to use this new service—to place an ad just fill out the coupon at the bottom of the page and mail it according to the directions. To answer an ad, follow the simple instructions also printed on this page.

If you want your photo to appear with your ad, send it together with your ad.

That's all there is to it—so take advantage of this excellent service at once.

Swinging young blond 25 yrs., 36-24-36, seeks early meetings with couples & singles of both sexes. Very AC/DC digs everything. Low finances forces me to some very intimate photos 8 films, $1.00 brings a groovy photo. Will answer all.

Model, Dancer, 25 years of age is desirous of meeting nice men who are interested in dancing, swimming and the fine arts. Would like to receive photos with replies. 145-F

Beautiful California girls of 23 years. She is 5'4½", 120 lbs., red hair and hazel eyes. Likes to swim, ride motorcycles and sports cars, plays good game of pocket billiards. Would appreciate letters and photos. 129-F

Beautiful young night life, dining to hear from m interests. She is 110 lbs. wit eyes. Please w

21 yrs. old - 5'6" brown hair and and photo. 147-F

Giant-busted model with biggest, hottest figure around. 45-28-38, has special photos you'll love. A terrific sample is $1. I also travel now sometimes. Everyone answered. 136-F

ATTENTION!!

THIS IS ADULT TYPE MATERIAL AND PHOTOGRAPHS. NOT TO BE SOLD OR READ BY PERSONS UNDER 2 YEARS OF AGE.

22 yrs. of age and war from broadminded enjoy sexual freedo

THE SEX REVIEW

What's YOUR Pleasure, Kiss or Screw?
(A tabloid anthology dedicated to this very question)

My life story begins in an ordinary way, like so many of the alienated youth of today. It was the back seat of a car where I was conceived. A shotgun wedding with a difference– my mother married my older brother, her ugly son. The result: Me, an unwanted daughter. Many of her friends heard her remark on many an occasion that only ugly men could make her happy. So it came as no surprise when I was born, just three months after the wedding. Oh, many eyebrows were raised, and the inevitable "Premature, eh?" 's were not uncommon. But nobody really believed what they were syaing, it was just courtesy, you know. Most of this blows over in most of the upper-middle-class Peyton Places dotting this rich country. But my case was not so easily dismissed. It was hush-hush news for many years, and it was not until I was late into my teens that I discovered the AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF. It is only after everything has been revealed and the true facts and photos are available that I will be contented and able to look myself squarely in the face. So to you readers, I will REVEAL ALL, barring nothing with no shame.

Well, it begins back there that night in that car. That back seat scene between my mother and her ugly son. It WASN'T her ugly son. It was an IMPOSTER. (But also ugly) MY MOTHER WAS RAPED BY A FAKE FEMALE NURSE!!!! She could not distinguish, in the dark that night. A doctor has confided in me though, that bad meat ruins eyes. So, even though there is no excuse for my mother's behavior, there are some reasons for the occurrence of these awful events that have inflicted and tormented my life. As you can tell, Dear Reader that I am being completely truthful, completely authentic but for adults only. They can understand this, and possibly forgive... Early in my teens my mother, who I'm sure never really loved or wanted me in the first place, inflicted a crushing blow to my young, impressionable psyche. My mother, with 9 children, had the nerve to steal her daughter's boyfriend! I was so hurt. I caught them in the act. Through my own bedroom door I got a keyhole exclusive them doing something that at that time I had only seen dogs do in the summer. I was SHOCKED!! to say the least. I didn't know what to do, but they saved me the decision when they approached me and confessed what had been going on, completely unaware that I already knew. I was touched by their honesty and forgave them. They wanted as much freedom as possible, and it was not long after this that they left for Sweden, where, they had heard, even incest was now legal. Everybody knows that Sweden is the place to get it. I later learned that their travel agency package included an abortion. but the last I heard of them was a terrible surprise. I was reading America's original sexpose newspaper and learned that they had met a very unfortunate end. The abortion, I learned, was performed aboard the plane for the purpose of making the entire stay in Sweden an uninhibited one. But the manner of the operation was appalling, A MAN KICKED THE UNBORN BABY TO DEATH!!!! As if this weren't enough of a jolt, I went on to read that the plane had crashed on a remote island enroute, and when the survivors were discovered a month later it was found that after their plane had crashed a man had EATEN HIS WIFE, so he wouldn't starve to death. The man? You guessed it. My mother's husband. It was the last I heard from my mother... Back to my life story. After much soul searching and disillusionment, I came to the decision that I was missing out on the fun of life. I had not engaged in sexual activity with my first boyfriend, and had consequently lost him to my mother's experienced charms. What was there to lose? I STARTED MY SEX LIFE AT THE AGE OF 15. Not long after I made this decision I began to notice a strange protuberance growing you-know-where. I was very frightened. I was the FIRST GIRL TO GROW A MALE ORGAN. At first you can imagine my horror. But, always being one to make the most of unfortunate situations, I started thinking of ways to make it pay off. After all, with my mother gone, I had to fend for myself. I discovered that I could make a fortune for the ladies boudoir. This was working out just fine until one day when I began having strange urges that would seize me uncontrolably. The urge was made manifest when I trapped my brother into "ANIMAL" SEX!! Which put ME in the mental hospital. My life there was not much better, however, because the nurses USED ME AS A PUNCHBALL! To this day I don't know the reasons for their actions. But it is not always up to us to question the ways of mankind... After my supposed rehabilitation, I was released from the insane asylum. I was going to do something about my miserable life. I had heard that Maryland and California hospitals were performing sex-change operations. If there was anything I needed, this was it. The doctors performed the very delicate sex organ transplant upon my body. I was set for a new life now, to reject my past and start anew, into a world of hope and promise and fulfillment.

How wrong I was. At home, recuperating from the operation, lying in bed, thinking of all the new doors open to me, my sister-in-law came in, and with soothing and seductive words drew out the animal in me once again, and, though I became pregnant by her, we started off on a life of sin. I HAD NOT LEARNED MY LESSON! We became an anything, anytime couple– we started for kicks, but let me warn all of you readers that we ENDED IN HELL! So, please remember what happened to me, and maybe someday you can say as honestly as I do now: I'M FED UP! I'M SICK OF SEX, SEX, SEX... I'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

EPILOGUE: We regret to inform you that the writer of this true confession was killed recently by an electric orgasm device during the sex act at the time of the lesbian explosion. Her estate was left to her boy, 4, who has since grown 36-inch breasts. Who, we are told, spends his time getting high on catnip cigarettes– a new legal high. He wants to grow up to be an Astrotart (a "NASA prostie"). So, readers, the moral seems to be: Beware of the evil menace of masturbation, but always bear in mind the pitfalls it can help you avoid.

This newspaper rated "M".

Thanks be to: Pleasure, Kiss, Screw, National Mirror, Escapade '69, Hush-Hush News, National Expose, The Keyhole (America's Original Sexpose Newspaper), Hot Line, View From The Bottom, National Examiner, National Bulletin and the mind that makes it all possible.

TRAVEL AGENCY OFFERED PACKAGE TRIP— INCLUDED ABORTION

PATIENT USED AS PUNCH BALL

BIZZARE UNUSUAL ENCOBEDIENCE

CORDLESS PERSONAL VIBRATOR

ANYTHING, ANYTIME

BUS DRIVER POSES AS DOCTOR SOHE CAN FONDLE WOMEN'S BARE BREASTS

DOCTORS DISC INCREASE OVER WAY TO ACTUALLY GENITAL SIZE!

SCREW A YULE LOG · SCREW A BALDHEADED BABBITT · SCREW A YES-MAN · SCREW A BULGING BREECHCLOTH · SCREW A YIPPLE · SCREW A BANISHED BARBARIAN · SCREW A YORKSHIRE PUDDING · SCREW A BUCOLIC BANANA · SCREW A BOUNCY BUTTOCKS · SCREW A YAK · SCREW A BANDY-LEGGED BALLERINA · SCREW A BATTY BIDDY · SCREW A YEMENITE · SCREW A BACKFIRING BADMAN · SCREW A YEOMAN · SCREW YAHWEH

SINEMA SCOPE-BDAY A KEYHOLE SEXCLUSIVE SINEMA SCOPE-BDAY

SPANISH FLY CIGARETTES Five for $5.00

IS YOUR CHILD A FUTURE PERVERT?

YOUNG BOYS RAPED BY OVER-SEXED SCOUT MASTER

HURRY UP AND HAVE BABIES

LIFE SIZE Playmate

GIRL 14, DIES IN DUNGEON BUILT BY "MAD" LOVER

By HILLMAN OTHER E

Sex Maniac Terrorizes Town...

HE REPLACES VICTIMS BELLYBUTTONS WITH ZIPPERS AFTER RAPING THEM

Number 9 is--
A place to find help for problems of crises.
A place to learn to help others.
Located at 649 State Street. Call 787-2127

CR Lawn

Number 9 is a center for persons under 25 who want someone to talk with, someone to listen to them, someone who may be able to help them. They are open 24 hours a day, and kids can either walk in or call. They offer counseling, groups, family counseling, information, a temporary crash pad, and a bad trip team for acid bummers.

Facilities include a store front, a three room apartment, and a 12-room house, which will serve a residential program starting in June. Presently they are confining operations to the storefront and apartment. Number 9 also has speakers available for groups.

The VFB interviewed Ted Clark, one of the Board of Directors for Number 9.

VFB: What's with Number 9?

No. 9: Well, basically we've been open now a couple of weeks. We have a board of directors: Dennis Jaffe, myself, Yvonne Durchfort, Michael Klein, and Neil Watson. We make all policy decisions. We have a list of consultants including doctors, lawyers, ministers, psychologists, and medical doctors, and no cops. These are people who are willing on a single case incidence to offer their time to advise us about how we should handle a particular problem. Dr. Geller...is our supervisor in terms of administrative decision making. We meet with him weekly to talk about the problems we are having as an administrative body. We talk about what's the best approach to use, for example, with bad trips--do we work as a team or as individuals, and from his experience he gives us information and responds to what we are saying. Dr. Bob Winer meets with us once a week for a two hour period as a ...sensitivity group where we talk about our feelings and how we are relating to each other...Basically the way we're using professionals is to keep our thinking clear.

Q: So except in severe cases you're not making referrals?

A: When we make a referral, we don't make a referral to our list of consultants. For instance, if we feel a kid really needs hospitalization psychiatric care etc., we meet the kid at the office, go down with him, go through the intake process with him in whatever agency we take him to. We feel that the contract has to be clearly established between he and the agency, and that as a third party we're interested in seeing that that contract is met by both parties.

Q: How many people have used your services?

A: As of Monday, (Nov. 3) 52 people have used the phones and the storefront.

Q: How many of these have come in?

A: Maybe a good three quarters of that number have come in but the initial contact with three quarters of that group was on the phone and then after talking to us they came in. The house has been used by an additional 25 people to crash in until they find another place to stay.

Q: Your staff is experienced in dealing with acid trips?

A: Yes.

Q: Would that also be true of heroin?

A: I don't think so. Most of the kids who are on heroin we just send over to the outpatient clinic. They've got the facilities and treatment, and we couldn't handle a hard-core drug problem as well as they could.

Q: Nobody has come in strung out on junk needing help?

A: Not with that as their problem. If you're an addict that is your only problem. It's very hard to function for anything else except getting money to pay for your drugs. The addicts in New Haven know about NARCO, they know about New Haven clinic, they know about the in-patient clinic, they go there. We have had incidents of experimental use of heroin, one shot or two shot deals. That has not been perceived by the kid as the problem; in fact it hasn't been.

Q: Would you say that most of the people who have used the service so far have had drug problems?

A: No, as a matter of fact, only a small percentage have come in with drugs as their problem. The majority have come-- and like a lot of kids have come in who use drugs--... usually... for other reasons. We don't see drugs as a problem unless the kid sees it as a problem you know we're not going to deal with it. We'd rather deal with what he perceives as his problem, see if we can do anything on that level. That sounds to us more realistic.

Q: You said earlier that you were concerned about kids who used pot so much that they had difficulty functioning. Have you treated any of these kids, or if not, what kinds of problems have seemed to be the most common ones?

A: We haven't treated up to now any kid who has seen consistent pot smoking as a problem. The majority of problems that we're concerned about aren't really social problems. They are personal problems, they're problems of relationships, of how to get along with people, of how to handle deep feelings, of how to handle sexual impulses, of how to deal with parents, how to get them to listen, how to get them to let you have enough freedom to express yourself, be yourself, and how to talk to them about the fact that one's life-style and feelings may be radically different from what your parents have in mind. These kinds of problems we think are more critical, they're more liable to bring kids to points where they don't know where to turn and what to do than the consistent use of grass or anything, the various escapes kids have.

Q: Do you see any political implications in Number 9?

A: We see Number 9 as having political implications on several different levels. One is that it cannot help but be noticed by existing agencies and institutions. When four or five young people with semi-professional backgrounds get together and organize an agency and get it off the ground that is seen as adding a significant amount of help to the New Haven community that this has some real challenging implications for existing agencies and institutions that despite their large sums of money and their professional help, they are unable to cope minimally with the problems they have outlined for themselves.

Above and beyond that, we hope that as we make some speaking engagements in various areas that we can show people that a great many of the problems that kids are having today are a reflection of the present inadequacies of the life-style of this country, that the middle class background that most of these kids come from is simply not adequate for their human needs, and that these kids are searching through a whole line of sometimes dangerous and sometimes destructive avenues of self-expression in an attempt to regain some kind of completeness or wholeness. While we talk to these groups, service groups and PTA groups, we're going to be pointing out that it isn't just enough to talk about an individual kid with a problem, we have to talk about why so many kids have problems, where they come from, and what it is about their environment, their background, their family, their schools, their churches that give them no place to turn to, no feeling of trust, no feeling that they can talk to people, give them no feeling that they can go anywhere but into their own minds, and into their friends' minds for any kind of sympathy or concern or care.

And their parents, when they're confronted with this thing, have got to begin re-examining their whole way of thinking. As we become more secure, and get more established in the sense of existing for more than two weeks, we're going to be able to hammer this home based on statistical evidence of our experience with kids; what's happening to these kids that they're getting very uptight and very angry with what they have, they're asking for something more meaningful, more significant, more personal, and much less structured routine.

Q: What do you do with a kid who has no money and needs to see a doctor?

A: We'd probably just take him over to see a medical doctor... try to get the Welfare Department to pay under Title 19.

Q: What's your connection with the Free School?

A: Dennis Jaffe was one of the original initiators of the Free School. We're sharing an apartment with them-- they use it for some of their groups and and we use it for crashers and counseling sessions when we want privacy. We're going to be installing one of our phones up there, and somebody's going to be up there all night to answer the phone, instead of in the storefront.

Q: Are there a lot of people who hang around the place who aren't necessarily helping people or having problems?

A: I'd say occasionally people come in and just sorta sit around. There aren't a lot and it doesn't happen that often. We don't encourage people just hanging around. If people want to come in and help we give them very specific tasks. We don't put them on the phone, we don't put them in as counselors, we put them in a training group perhaps, but usually what they do is common run-of-the-mill office tasks, sweeping the floor, making posters, putting posters around, making up mailing lists, etc.

Q: Has it entered your mind that there might be a cop or some agent of the cops working with you?

A: It has been brought to our attention that there is a possibility... There's not really too much that they could learn that would be of any use to them.

Q: Couldn't they get information on drug users very easily?

A: Not that easily... if they want to get information they would be more likely to just sit down in the Sizzelbord and watch what's going on.

Q: Except if they know, for example, ... through what doctors you make your referrals for abortions.

A: There is no law against making a referral to a doctor for an abortion...

Q: And in no case do you violate the abortion laws?

A: In no case do we violate the abortion laws. Let me tell you how this would work. If somebody came in to us we would tell them exactly what the various choices were in terms of abortion. We'd also cover other areas like having the kid, what would happen then, but concentrating on abortion just now, suppose that they decided that that was the answer for their problem, in order to have a legal abortion at Yale-New Haven Hospital you have to have three psychiatrists interview you and state that this would be an emotional problem for for you to have this child, and that they recommend that you have an abortion. Ninety-nine per cent of the cases referred to psychiatrists at Yale-New Haven Hospital have been passed. It's kind of a long process because it takes time to see the three psychiatrists and their recommendations go before a board which makes the final decision.

Q: That's fairly expensive isn't it?

A: $500 total.

Q: Including doctor's fees?

A: Yes. There is no inexpensive abortion available. The other ones that a are available, illegal abortions, are available at a much higher cost...

Q: Are any records kept?

A: Records are kept for statistical purposes but there are no last names on any of the records. At no point do any last names get written down except for the volunteers who come in-- we have them write down their name on a card. But nobody that we see or talk to has any written record kept of them using their last name or address or any identification beyond their first name or initial.

Q: Have you had any relations at all with the police?

A: No, they haven't come by... Like any of the clinical or semi-clinical agencies in New Haven, they just leave it alone. What would happen is if they really started using us in any way to get kids busted, that sooner or later this would come out and would raise a helluva mess in the city structure because the support for Number 9 in terms of other agencies, institutions, and individuals in New Haven has been overwhelming. Everybody that we've talked to is very aware that drugs cannot be dealt with as a legal problem and would be very angry if something like this would close down because of police interference at any level.

JOURNEY to the EAST

Johnny Krown

END OF THE ROAD 1: NEAL CASSADY, d. Feb. 1967
END OF THE ROAD 2: JACK KEROUAC, d. Oct. 1967

DEDICATION TO

Jack Kerouac, new Buddha of American prose, who spit forth intelligence into eleven books written in half the number of years (1951-1956)... creating a spontaneous bop prosody and original classic literature. Several phrases and the title of Howl are taken from him.

William Seard Burroughs, author of Naked Lunch, an endless novel which will drive everybody mad.

Neal Cassady, author of The First Third, an autobiography (1949) which enlightened Buddha.

All these books are published in Heaven.

from Howl and Other Poems
(1956), by Allen Ginsberg

In the fall of 1948, these four rather strange young friends gathered nightly in the back of the old Columbia campus bar, the West End, to rap about writing, and emerge with something that would later become known as the "Beat Generation." Each in turn became famous in a rather strange way. Yet, despite his many novels, Jack Kerouac failed to receive a Nobel Prize. And Allen Ginsberg was never asked to recite poetry at President Kennedy's Inauguration. William Burroughs was disowned by his wealthy family even though they never read his books. And when Neal Cassady died alone last year in Mexico, although all California mourned, his obituary failed to appear in a single issue of the *New York Times.*

Almost historically, Ginsberg is here in the Yale Law School auditorium the day after Kerouac's funeral, to pay homage and read in his memory. (Ironically, only two doors away, three partners from a leading New York law firm, oblivious to it all, are discussing "why law firms are irrelevant" with several law students.)

I had seen Ginsberg many times before. I remember Easter, 1967, on the Sheep Meadow at Central Park-- the first great outpouring of the psychedelic movement the East had ever seen. Ginsberg prancing back and forth in a white robe, chanting, as always the pied piper: he had been with Kesey on the West Coast, along with Neal, and was glad to see things in the East catching up a little, for there was quite a lot of catching up to do. Again, at a poetry reading in Brooklyn, a friend had asked him why John Wesley Hardin' had another Dylan, softer, more peaceful; and he had said, "he's off speed now", with a pointed finger and a scorning look as if to say, "And let that be a lesson to you." And then my friend asked, "I'm going across country for a while, Allen, and maybe you can tell me a few groovy spots, people, etc." "Well, I wouldn't feel right" shot back the same beady eyes. "You see, you'd have to ask Jack about that."

Yet in fact, very few people *had* seen Jack, now in seclusion, since the old days. Coming out of the never-ending Denver Doldrums, sad, quiet streets and soft whispers of the late 40's and early 50's, the same four faces: Ginsberg, young suspended from Columbia for extended use of obscenity in class, oogling at the world, digging, laughing, writing; Burroughs, the teacher, wiser, older, "I know because I've tried, I've tried it all, I've been through it all", soft-spoken Old Bull, we know Bill, we sit at your feet, you have come closer to listen to the soft drawl; and Kerouac looking at it all partially from a distance, the wonderment of it all, the senseless irrelevance of it all, wake up and look at all this, man, and god damn it, dig it, live it, before it passes you bye, down the road before it passes you bye. Finally, Cassady, hero of numerous Kerouac books, raping away at 190 mph, revving up, faster, jail hassles, speed; Cassady, the Dean Moriarty of *On the Road,* younger, frantic powerful strange wildman, personification of the American West, of perpetual motion, of the Great God speed, looking a little harder for life than just about everyone else in the world put together. (Ginsberg would write of him in *Howl*, "who went out whoring through Colorado in myriad stolen night-cars, N.C., secret hero of these poems, cocksman and adonis of Denver."....

It took a while for the nation to catch up to them--understandably. The country simply wasn't ready for them yet. "We have to earn our wealth before we enjoy it."

A decade later found Ginsberg, still writing, in San Francisco again, Gary Snyder, Corso, Olafsky are there, getting it all together. Cassady, busted, 2½ year rap for giving some weed to a Fed, free, off to San Quentin, zigzagging across the country,

Kerouac in 1958 Credit/Village Voice

again finally showing up one day on Ken Kesey's spread in Oregon and yes, we are ready to take a new route, friends, have traded in the old 49 Plymouth for a bus, known by the name of Furthur, more or less, but watch out, baby, it's a long way along on this route. And here is this little thing called acid, well, okay, and Cassady's off and running again. Allen still the intellectual, remaining a very different future. Kerouac, going his own way, toward the other East. Burroughs back in Tangier.

But somehow it's not the same. It isn't too much fun any more driving a schoolbus on duplex modern asphalt highways paying tolls and after all, Neal, you're getting OLDER and these chicks, well, yes, they've never fucking heard of you, and you know yourself you'll never be a writer, somehow you wind up in San Miguel D'Allende on the tracks, dead, too much speed, or a suicide, maybe, noone really knows for sure. And the former Columbia football hero, Kerouac, writing of his football days in *Vanity of Dulouz,* getting older, also 47, to be exact, thinking of his old companions, "You boys have gone off the deep end, hippies, long-hairs, never played football in your lives, freaks, no less." Liquor tasting better every day, hurting a little though. And Neal died of too much speed (the same day as my father died), and Kerouac died of too much booze. Somehow Neal could never go ahead quite fast enoug while Jack could never go back far enough.

How does it feel Allen? Kerouac is dead. Neal is

Ken Kesey and Ken Babs, friends of Kerouac and Cassady

dead. Burroughs is off in Tangier, silent. "Woe be the visions of my youth still fresh in my mind." Where is your mind now, Allen? The country is going down the drain. It's all this pollution in the air, and waste, and destruction. People don't listen to each other. People can't say what's on their minds anymore. And now Jack....

"Why was Kerouac important?" the reporters ask you, Allen. "What was the significance of it all?" Well, my friends, excuse me and pardon my budding in, you say, but the man was a little ahead of his time-- a god-damn visionary. You see, to put it mildly, he started it all. He was the first American writer to look to the East. His vision was very clear. The world has no reason or rationale, since there is no God. All men are significant only in themselves, or rather, as man. It is very difficult to effect the turn of events, or in any case, it doesn't really matter, there being no ultimate significance in what takes place. Thus true knowledge comes from experience, and digging everything, the good and the bad, the real and the gutter, but living it yourself, don't stop, life is short now and if you look over your shoulder you have lost your chance. See everything, know everything, feel real sadness, real hate, real exuberance, real famine.

Two years ago, in Tangier, I ran across a cool, beautiful black Beat who had just been kicked out of Egypt after the Arab-Israeli war, where he had taught English for eight years in the American University in Cairo-- never having journeyed back to the States during all that time. "Yea, man, like I dig that" he would say, as I would explain to him how things had changed since the Beats had been around, how there was this new movement based on love, a new music, how George Shearing wasn't listened to any more, how North Beach had given way to the Haight, and the Village to the East Village, how blacks were no longer hip saints because coolness was now often secondery to honesty. He just shook his head at it all, saying things like "cool, dad, hip" in every sentence. He talked about Kerouac and said he did didn't know how Jack would take it all. And he went away the same way I had met him, as if the 60's had never come.

And here was Ginsberg now, bringing us up to date a bit. Hold on a minute, hold your breath, and take a look around. This society is out of order. Out of its gourd, more or less. If you're not mad, or at least a little crazy, there's something wrong with you. But most of all, there is the disappointment that wasn't there when Kerouac wrote, the vanishing potential, America, god-damn it, you *could* have been so beautiful, if you just fixed up one or two things here and there, a matter of values, of consciousness. Don't you see?????

"Allen", I asked him afterwards, "Why is it that while you and Neal went ahead to look for something else, something new, Kerouac more or less stood still?" "He didn't stand still at all" came the answer. "He just went off on his own way, writing it all down. All the time writing. But believe me, he didn't stand still. He was off where no one had ever gone before."

So now Kerouac is dead. As Ginsberg would say, "Knifing through the void, he changed it all, like a stroke of lightning in a vacuum." And we are not the same. Our literature is not the same. We are aware of the East. Our values have changed. And most of all, our life style. There is still something called the psychedelic movement around.

"How was it," came my final question, "-- it has always amazed me that all of you--yourself, Cassady, Burroughs, Kerouac-- that all of you were best friends in your youth yet each of you in turn became the symbols and the means to change us all." Ginsberg replied simply, "Comradeship gave us confidence-- we grew on each other and learned from each other and that's how it was. We helped each other along. We were lucky."

I smiled as he finished, for I realized that we were the ones who were lucky. Who's to say where we might be if Kerouac and Cassady hadn't been around.

THE SEARCH FOR "X"

A LIE OF EPIC PROPORTIONS

by C. R. Lawn & Alan McKnight

BRANCH 1

O throat of winter is upon us
The barren barley fields refuse to sway
Before the husky hag of early darkness
In her hoods of snowy grey.

Winter, winter winter
Are you but a servant of the Bad one?
-Tyrannasaurus Rex, Unicorn

Once upon a time, except that you can't climb upon a time, so that's a hell of a way to start a tale, and why don't story tellers say once beneath a time? it was getting crisper and colder, polar-bear colder than normal, which would have been apparent to anyone who cared to step outside, but beneath this time it wasn't apparent because nobody went outside as a rule. That is, it was against the law, the law forbidding suicide, which is a superb law because if you committed suicide, you should be punished.

It was suicide to go out in the strategic zones because of constant bombardment, and in the non-strategic zones because of the pollution and waste and crime that everywhere decimated the landscape.

Besides the homes of everyone who counted were provided with all the necessities and luxuries of life in such ubiquitous duplication; (private libraries, private skating rinks, bowling alleys, race tracks, even private prostitutes in every housing unit), that public facilities had completely disappeared.

But the crystal chill of an endless winter had settled on the land. Heating and electric bills were soaring skyward. It escaped the people's notice only because they'd become inured to rampant inflation long before this time they were now beneath, but at last there came to be three people who did notice the great cold wave because they had left their homes for a reason not very well understood and variously explained as perversity, idealism, asceticism, rebellion, anarchism and the "generation gap."

First there was Alex Diablo, who was not yet twenty-one and had only two wisdom teeth, one leather jacket and perfect pitch. Then there were Sally Pendergast and Jimmy Pendergast, who had grown up with Alex and decided with him to leave the comforts of home,

So they set out, trudging through the snow drifts, crossing frozen rivers and bays, threading their way between the silent, spiked lights of frosted frame houses like three dark meteors passing through a galaxy.

Before them loomed an ornate wrought-iron gate with the national coat of arms of the Skotoman Empire emblazoned black on gules, on a plastic shield hung in the middle of it. The gatekeeper dozed on a collapseable aluminum beach chair next to the guard house and didn't see them approach. He was dressed in a dark brown uniform with red cuffs and lapels and a red cap.

-Can you tell us why it's getting so cold out? asked Alex as the gatekeeper slowly opened his eyes.
-Do you want my personal opinion or official policy? asked the gatekeeper.
-I don't know, said Alex. What is your personal opinion?
-Sorry, said the gatekeeper, closing his eyes. I'm not allowed to express personal opinions while on duty.
-Give us offical policy, then, said Jimmy.

The gatekeeper gave him an irritated once over and slowly got to his feet.
-Just a minute, he said. He went into his guard house and made several calls on the telephone, scribbling notes and tapping impatiently on the table with his pencil. Finally he came back out.
-Official policy is that it is not getting colder, he said. You are asked to remain calm and return to your permaheated homes.
-But it is getting colder, said Sally. Are you sure you got the message right?
-You saw me write it down, he said.
-Are you sure you called a qualified spokesman? asked Alex.
-Sonny, I called three different bureaus, and they all said the same thing. It's offical.

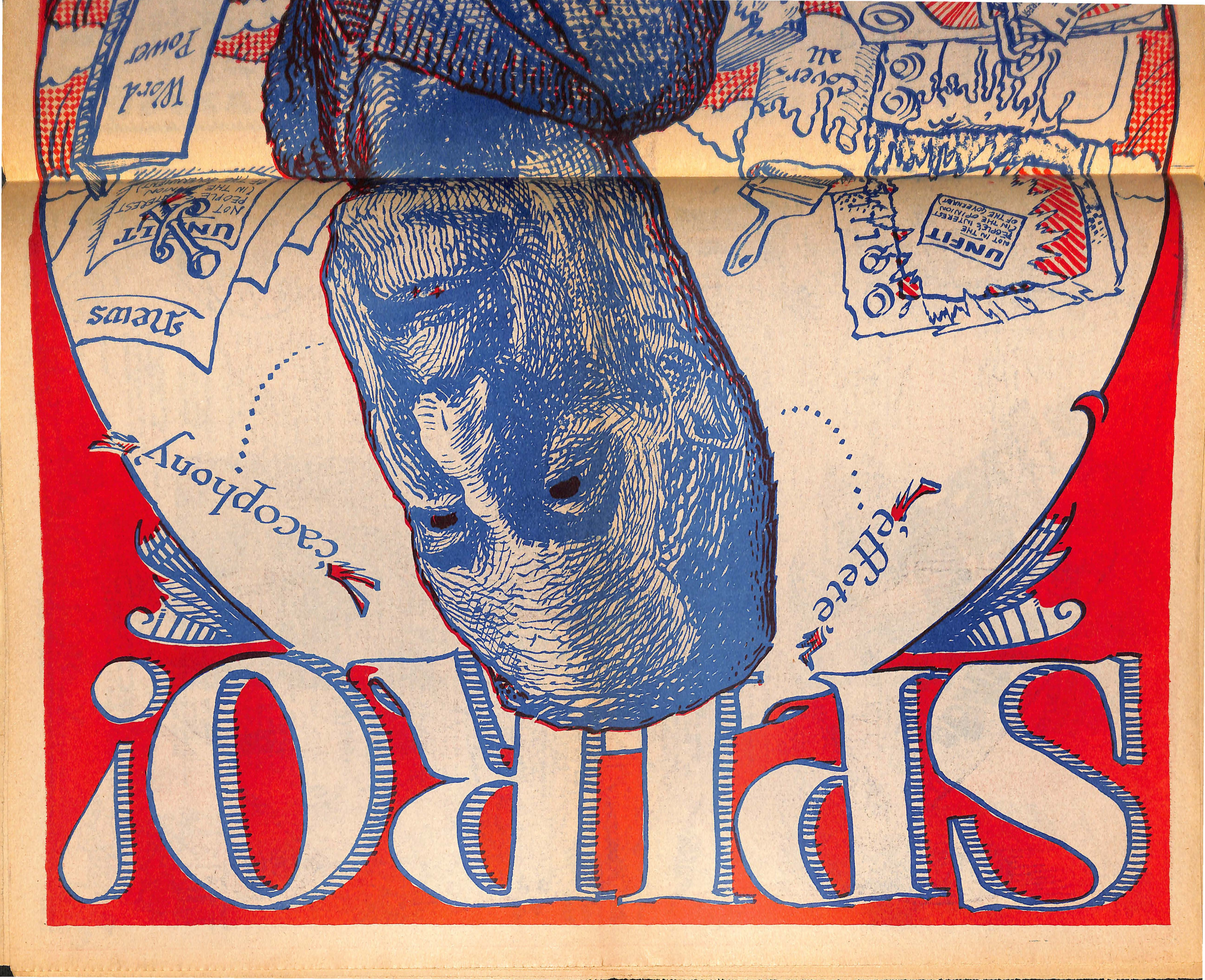
Jimmy took Alex aside and said he didn't believe the gatekeeper and couldn't they go to a phone and call the government themselves. Alex doubted that it would do any good, but he agreed to keep trying in order to leave no stone unturned and no turn unstoned. So they thanked the gatekeeper and left him, for he was both turned and stoned, and went looking for a phone booth.

Unfortunately, the phone company had removed all the phone booths because nobody with money ever went out anymore, so our heroes trekked a frigid distance looking for one. As they proceeded, the houses got further and colder apart and the snow got deeper and starker and steeper and darker between. The trees were storm blasted and bent to the ground with ice; the far off lights were as dim as lightning bugs caught in cobwebs; the ground became cracked and crevassed and cratered; and the horizon flattened out into a cold straight line like the edge of a frozen sea where it meets the edge of the lifeless universe.

Sally and Jimmy clung tightly to the arms of Alex until he could go on no more.
-Let's sit down for a minute and think this over, he said, and so they sat down in the snow. No sooner were they sitting than they heard shuffling noises, and looking up, they saw that they were surrounded by a nervous band of soldiers in olive green uniforms and steel helmets with branches stuck in the netting like camoflage, except that the leaves had fallen off. They held their rifles pointed at the three sitting on the ground, forming a picket of bayonets.

Alex, Sally and Jimmy had wandered into a strategic zone.

to be continued next issue...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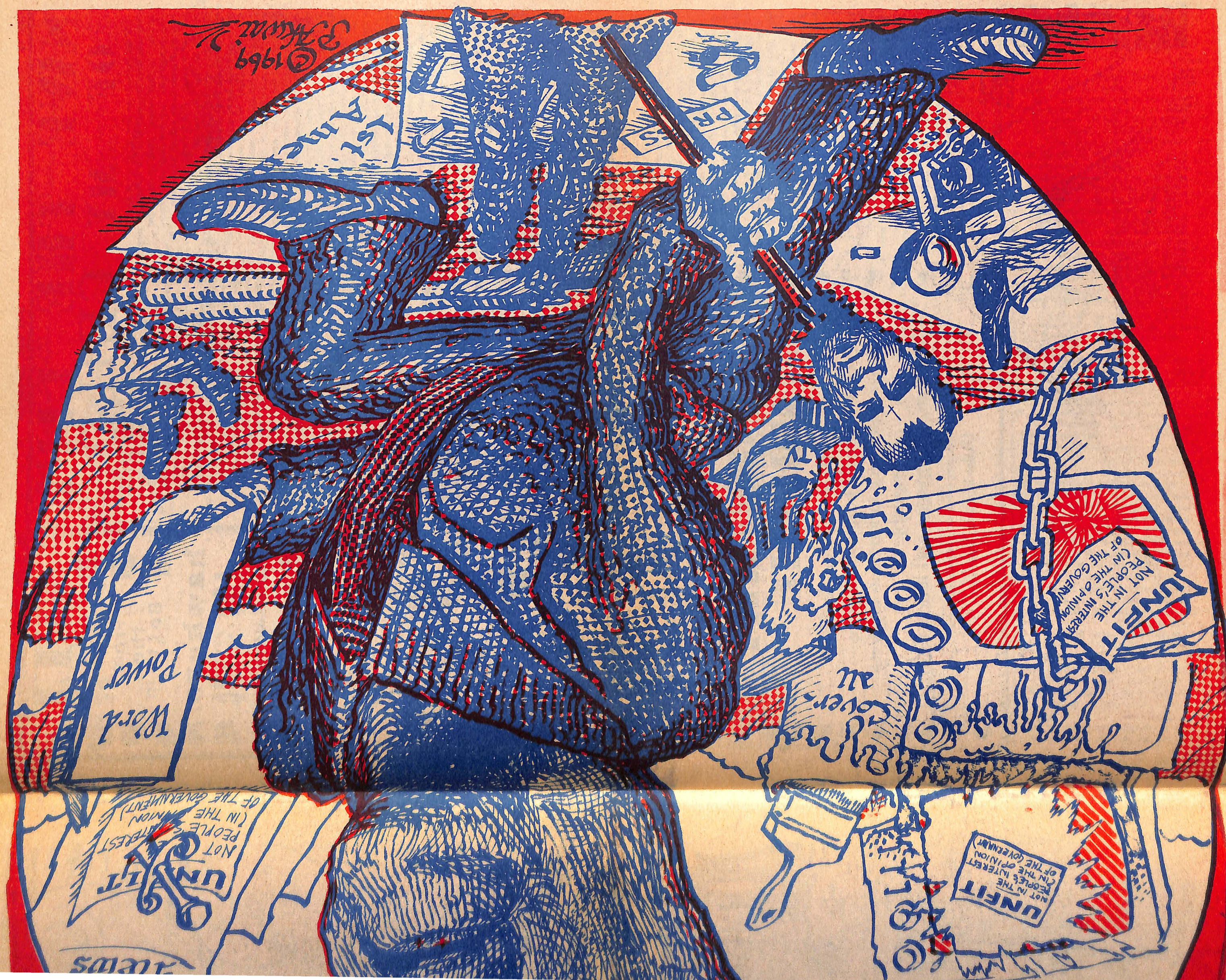
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SAVE THE LIFE OF MY CHILD

Reprinted from *Right On*

Of the fourteen members of the Black Panther Party who have been held in prison without bail since mid-May, five are women. Three of the women were pregnant with their first child when arrested. They are Francis Carter, age 20; Rose Smith, age 18; and Lorreta Lukes. Francis Carter may have her child by the time you read this. Rose Smith is due, interestingly enough, on December 24 or 25. Prison authorities have announced that the women will give birth under heavy armed guard in Lawrence Memorial Hospital in New London.

Rose Smith and the four other Panther women are kept together in a wing of the Niantic State Farm isolated from other inmates with whom they are forbidden to speak, eat, or exercise. It was apparently felt that the Panther women would be an inflammatory influence on the rest of the prison population. Shortly after their arrival at Niantic, outside searchlights were installed which keep their rooms lit all night (they are locked in their individual rooms at 9:00). Since their arrival the police have maintained a patrol by car and foot outside their windows. The car patrol, apparently having little better to do, spends the night shining a spotlight through their windows. The foot patrol is equipped with walkie-talkies whose volume and feedback whine combine with the lights to make sleep extremely difficult. Prison authorities claim that these measures were introduced in response to a report of "a threat to the security of the institution from outside forces." The same reason was used to explain the fact that the women were kept confined without fresh air or exercise until an attorney threatened to take action. This treatment of women in the last months of pregnancy would be unjustifiable even if the women were convicts. But they are not convicts. They have not yet had a trial, and thus are presumed innocent under our system. The women are permitted visits only from their immediate families, from the clergy, and from lawyers who represented them at their first appearance. In many cases these lawyers took the jobs for the first appearance after having been recruited by other lawyers on an emergency basis. The women are nonetheless unable to interview other lawyers in order to have a choice of counsel. Nor are they allowed visits from friends for morale purposes, though the States' attorney and the FBI have unlimited access. They may request books from their visitors, but books deemed unsuitable are not allowed (a book by the British comic writer Joyce Cary was rejected). Their letters coming and going are censored. A copy of the Black Panther newspaper (the only paper which carries continuing coverage of their imprisonment) was removed by prison authorities citing a regulation forbidding "tabloids or extreme types of publications." Wall posters they hung up were removed.

Rose Smith came to New Haven from New Jersey where her parents had disowned her for her Party activity. She knows no one in Connecticut with whom she can place her baby except Party members. If she cannot find a "suitable" temporary home for her child pending the outcome of her trial, the State will place the child in a foster home. If she is released, the burden will be on Rose Smith to show she is a fit mother before she can have her baby returned. Because she is young, unmarried and a Panther, she fears the state agency will decide unfairly against her. Needless to say, keeping her in jail before she has even been tried makes it impossible for her to search for someone of her own choice to provide a "suitable" home for her baby.

Rose Smith's case points up what should be clear from the preceding paragraphs. Denial of bail for the Panther defendants has resulted in punishment before trial. Though theoretically innocent until proven guilty to an impartial jury on competent evidence, the defendants are beng treated no differently from if they had already been convicted.

Fear and ignorance about the Panthers and their programs (which include a Free Breakfast for Children, Free clothing for Welfare Moms, and Liberation Schools and free Medical Clinics) should not serve as an excuse for unfair treatment and unfair trial.

When asked by letter how she kept her spirits up in jail, Rose Smith answered:

"We keep our spirits up by having faith in the people and the Party. We not only look at the bad side of things but also the good. The good side is the beautiful people that are working for our defense."

FUN SELL PROFIT

View From the Bottom

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LETTERS

Distinguished Editors:

Let me commend you on the quality and scope of your publication. I've really come to enjoy and cherish each issue of V.F.B. that my friends send me. Since I've become a member of General Hershey's "two year boys camp." Your paper is a real lift for me and the other guys from Connecticut. Before being entrapped here I resided in Cheshire and frequented New Haven and this is where I first became exposed to V.F.B.

If I may be so repetitious V.F.B. keeps us in contact with the real world and beloved New Haven. So I've enclosed $5 for my subscription to V.F.B.; this is a four man venture here at Fort Sam to keep a liberal spark alive here in the Green machine. My comrades and I will be waiting for our first issue of V.F.B. So for now beautiful people I close,

x x
x x
x x
x x
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x x
xxxxx xxxxx

Peace and Love
Pvt. T. Eibensteiner
044400282
Co A 3rd Bn Cl. 77
USAMEDTC
Fort Sam Houston,
Texas

Sandy,

Your article "Coitus Interruptus" showed excellent analysis and complete foresight. The probable courses of action for the Vietnamese War that you listed amazed me because of the way they fit into your analysis of the recent past and how they accurately predict the future political and military moves...

Continued pressure on the Nixon administration is a necessity if meaningful troop withdrawal moves are to be made and if death and destruction are to be stopped.

Power to the people. Right on.

Michael Stancampiano
191st Military Intelligence
Detachment
1 Cavalry Division
APO SF 96490

P.S. If you're in New Haven call my wife and tell her hello and I am fine.

the PHONE STORE

by Noel

Again this week we bring you another chapter of the Phone Store.

1. **Sex Therapy Clinic**- *exists through the courtesy of Yale N H Hosp. A series of talks and discussions on sex problems. Call the women's clinic (YNHH) for more info for times etc.*

2. **Birth Control**- *there are several places where this can be obtained-- PPC--Planned Parenthood of Conn. - 406 Orange Street-- 865-4250, next door to the Girls Rec League and New Haven Family Planning - 46 Webster St. 776-8763. Both provide birth control information and supplies. NH Family Planning has a more workable schedule, with clinics set up around the city at various places with various times. Both are good and tell you the truth. Call either- for their schedules.*

3. **Abortion Info**- *call No. 9-787-2127- they give help for obtaining legal abortions here and in other states. They can also rap with you about whatever problem you might have concerning pregnancy, and what you want to do about it. Go in at any time, someone's always there.*

4. **GYN Clinic**- *Yale New Haven Hosp 689 Howard Ave. The initial visit fee is $20.00 and visits after that are $9.00. Actually, a private doctor is cheaper (if you can believe that); and at both the wait is eternally long, but if it's the Women's Clinic for you, go ahead. They'll check you out for any internal problem you may have and make you pay. This clinic is primarily for Welfare Recipients I think (can't imagine that any one would go there by choice).*

5. **Blue Cross**- *will pay for your baby's delivery if you have paid them through your husband for several months prior to your getting pregnant get the point--*

6. **Welfare Title 19**- *helps pay for medical expenses for those who can't afford medical services, who can these days? When registering at the clinics, see the social worker. Welfare recipients can also take advantage of this service too through their worker.*

7. **VD Problems?**- *for free help go to the city department of health 1 State St. For expensive help go to the emergency room Yale New Haven Hosp and clinics for help at a medium price range see your "family" doctor.*

8. **Dirty Books**- *can be found at a number of book shoppes around town if you're in the market for some I'm sure you know where to find them.*

Robyn Lewis

Abortion is today a very controversial issue. Should a woman be forced to have a compulsory pregnancy? An unwanted pregnancy puts a woman in servitude, forcing her to carry out a pregnancy and afterwards become a *responsible parent*. This servitude is now legally inflicted upon women.

There are basically three categories of women who need abortions. All have made a mistake and do not want a child. Premature women are those who indulge in sex, become impregnated by mistake, and are unprepared to take the consequences. Postmature women are those going through menapause who mistakenly think that they are sterile, and do not want the resulting unexpected child. The neurotic, including those whose marriage is falling apart and those contemplating divorce, form the third group. A child can be a fiasco in each of these cases, causing extreme psychological and economic problems.

One argument which has been used to maintain stiff abortion laws is the contention that aborting a pregnancy will have adverse psychological effects. But if a woman *wants* an abortion, then we can predict that NOT aborting will have a very high cost, manifesting itself in such forms as marital strife, divorces, child abandonment, mental breakdowns of the mother, impoverished children, child battering, delinquency and crime.

It is argued that lifting strict laws would cause more promiscuity. If this be so, then why legalize any form of contraception? When using contraceptives made largely by men, which are not one hundred per cent effective, women must pay the consequences if the products fail to work. (men made the laws, too). The pill, the most effective contraceptive device, has the lowest failure rate, but even it doesn't work one time in every hundred. In addition, women suffer its side effects whose harmfulness has not yet been accurately determined.

Obviously most women prefer contraceptives to abortion. Men made the abortion a crime. Men have deprived women of any insurance measures which the possibility of a legal abortion would give them.

Moral issues should be the responsibility of individuals, not of the state. Women do express their views on abortion by voting with their bodies. Women GET abortions. Kinsey says that 20-25% of all women have had them, and even these figures are probably low because many women are reluctant to admit it. Botched abortions cost $10,000 to fix. How can the poor, who cannot afford to get legal ones, pay for the damage? In New Haven, a woman seeking a legal abortion must get agreement by three PSYCHIATRISTS that having the child would be an emotional problem for her. When 100 women can get safe abortions for the cost of one "coathanger" abortion, a cost usually borne by the state, why shouldn't our archaic abortion laws be changed?

It is a woman's basic human right not to be compelled to bear a child against her will!

trouble parking?

Anonymous Letter

I glanced quickly up and down Orange Street to be sure that no one who knew me was in sight, and quickly mounted the wooden steps of Planned Parenthood.

Inside was a room with several desks. A woman there took my name. "Do you have an appointment?" "Yes." "Please wait in the next room." Within an hour, I left carrying six months' worth of pills.

The people were nice, the procedure was businesslike, and no one hassled me about why I wanted contraceptives. That was my business. My marital status (single) was simply not an issue. Age, on the other hand, was of some importance. Unless you give your age as over twenty-one, or are living independently of your parents and supporting yourself, or can get parental permission, or have been pregnant, apparently somebody at Planned Parenthood has to review your case before you can be given a prescription for contraceptives. No proof of age is required.

First, a woman took down basic information: name, address, birthdate, short personal and family health history, income. Planned Parenthood's services are not completely free, and the income figure was used to determine how much I had to pay. With my student income of $50/week, I was charged $6.00 for six months' worth of pills (they would have cost me $18.00 at a drugstore), and $5.00 for the medical exam. If I hadn't had a recent Papp smear, that would have cost me an extra couple of bucks.

In the waiting room were two women who might have been sisters, or possibly mother and daughter, a young black couple, the wife of a Yale student, and myself; it was not a particularly busy evening. I had just poured myself a cup of coffee when we were called into another room for a talk with the nurse. After a three-minute lecture on where babies come from (in case we hadn't figured it out yet), the nurse gave us an illustrated, rapid-fire talk (and answered questions) on the major birth control methods and their pros and cons. She was obviously following the Planned Parenthood policy "line", which is as follows:

Condom: because it's easy to make mistakes or just not to bother to use a condom, the method has risks.

Foam: safe for only a few minutes, so again protection depends on cool-headedness at a rather hot moment.

Diaphragm: not completely safe, and must be used with care.

Loop: highly recommended, but prescribed by Planned Parenthood only to women who have been through a pregnancy.

Pills: highly recommended, and fully protective if properly taken. Possible dangers from side-effects are held to be minimized by Planned Parenthood's instructions that users call them immediately for advice if any difficulties arise.

The nurse recommended that the first three methods be used only as supplements (when in doubt) to the pill or loop, but she said that Planned Parenthood would supply us with any method which we (with the doctor) chose.

Step three was the medical exam. This included blood-pressure, weight, urine sample, examination for breast cancer, a quick pelvic exam, a Papp smear test for vaginal cancer, and a vaginal smear test for gonorhea (free, and optional). (Pardon the details, but I would have been happier knowing just what I was in for. The whole process was not exactly pleasant, but it really was painless.) It's a secure feeling knowing that you have been carefully examined by a gynocologist, as all the Planned Parenthood doctors are, and that pending results from the last two tests everything is OK. The doctor offered to answer questions, but he didn't pry into my life or try to offer unasked advice.

Finally I received from an aide six months worth of pills, instructions on their use, and orders to call Planned Parenthood if I suspected side-effects. I paid on the spot, but I think I could have waited to be billed. In six months, I'll have to make another appointment for a check-up, and for more pills.

What more is there to say? It isn't exactly personalized treatment, but if you're like me you consider using Planned Parenthood either because you haven't got your friendly family doctor in town,or because you'd like to keep your friendly family as far out of your sex life as possible. Besides, not only is Planned Parenthood cheap, but you can be sure of a full examination, which unfortunately you can't count on from a doctor chosen randomly from the yellow pages.

One more thing. I had to make an appointment. (Phone 865-4250, weekdays 9-4:30, Monday or Thursday 6:30-9; or stop by the center at 406 Orange Street) and they couldn't fit me in for a couple of weeks. Since of course you can't start taking pills except on the fifth day of the menstrual cycle, I ended up having quite a delay between the time I decided to go on pills, and the time I could begin using them. From which I drew belatedly the lesson--think ahead.

Dear Sir:

the essential way to write is in collages. if a pic is worth 1,000 words, a collage is worth at least a 20-page polemic.

collages are crucial because our experience encounters our brain at random, following reality; selective perception & categories can do only so much.

reality, then, is a collage (the juxtaposition of anything and everything), & the verbal communication of experience, if it can be done at all, probably can be best achieved through collage creation. thinking, reasoning, is associative anyway; proximity in time & space give the illusion of necessity to some inductions, but basically our minds believe on the basis of repetitive and strong association. hence existentialcollages have the power to blow minds; via what medium to communicate experiential collages?

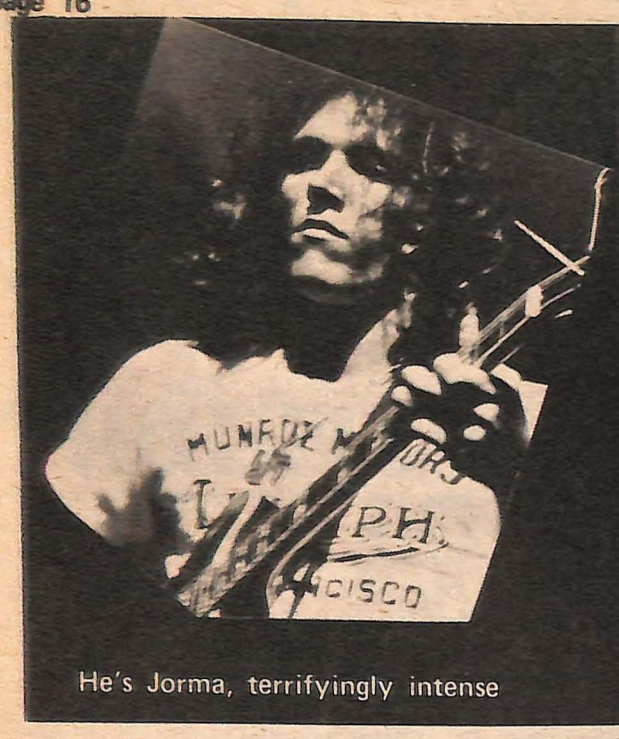
this is the question i ask myself: how can communication, the touching and penetration of one mind by another (NB sexual imagery, biblical language concerning knowledge), best be accomplished (i.e. most effectively and with a minimum of resource expenditure)?

in an act of knowledge the knower, becomes , in a sense, the thing known (Aristotle & me). how to permit my neighbor to KNOW my experience? words are deceptive, because ambiguous. just as mere visual collages (like any image) are ambiguous. precision of communication seems to involve a proliferation of words.

i am strictly Stone Age in my thinking on this subject. havent even "read" McLuhan yet. on the other hand, i perceive a need for greater subtlety on the part of many more confident activists: the human mind becomes a fortress at an early age; the mind solidifies its edited and colored view of reality. but minds CAN be blown... how might the oink in our street corner friend's whistle be made audible to Mom & Dad, who respect him?

lets get us down to fundamentals. thru collages, sound waves, movies, TV commercials...VFB?...what media?

Love,
David



He's Jorma, terrifyingly intense

Marty Balin, a high tenor, closes his eyes and opens his soul

Airplane. Flying at an altitude of 39,000 feet, captain high at your service..... it isn't so simple. They work. I guess everyone knows that nothing worthwhile gets here without hard work, but seeing them onstage, or listening to their albums still leaves a great surprise in store when you get to see their lives a bit. They play a lot. The personal lives of the Airplane are divided into basically two things: at home (writing, resting, getting together, loving) and away. "In loyalty to their kind, they cannot tolerate our minds. In loyalty to our kind, we cannot tolerate their obstruction." What is the Airplane trying to say? Gracie Slick: "I'd like to dedicate this next song to our President: Don't you need somebody to love..." Jorma Kaukonen, the lead guitarist, is setting up the cables for his axe. I'm watching him at a distance of about two feet, trying like hell to understand what goes on in his head most of the time. He sees me, knows instantly what my expression means and before I realize what is happening he finishes what he is doing, warms up my whole outlook with a beautiful fleeting smile and disappears offstage. Jack Cassidy, the bassist, is out in the crowd rapping about a forthcoming gig in Miami with the Stones, he's looking forward to it. He's got the most beautiful hair and eyes, wow...is it because I know what he can say to me with his music? Somebody says they dig his playing, he says, "I'll keep trying." When the cop started hassling the kid after the show, Jack appeared, and tried to TALK to the angry man. I wonder if he heard. I wonder how much the audience heard. Zappa dissolved the Mothers because he thought people weren't listening "for the right reasons." To see all those incredibly together people SWEATING giving their creative energy to a crowd of anonymous people ("Making love to people I didn't even like to see" – Incredible String Band), and to watch, to listen to the indifference, it hurt me. The Airplane has technical (that is, exclusive of what they are trying to say) problems too. For one thing, all their music was LOUD. That hurts too. Besides, they tended not to do songs which would really make it soft, *Triad* though lots of people screamed it at them, or *Comin' Back to Me...* and then there was the light show:

I talked to the light show people. They work hard, too, and not for money. They have a hellofalot of stuff to set up and take down every night. A light show, in order to fully use the visual sense, has to use total darkness, just as a piece of music must use silence. Why does the Airplane choose to use neither? Maybe they think that most people just aren't ready/able to open their minds enough to consider quieter things. The light show can't be coordinated too well with the program: all they get is a list of songs ahead of time, and sometimes it goes that way, sometimes not. "We know their music, when it gets going we try to follow it." They all try so hard. Who am I to say it might be better differently? I don't know. "Being on the road," said the head light show guy, "makes you physically strong." They looked it, too, all of them; Jorma and Marty, Spencer Dryden (I think all drummers are--what a lot of physical energy they have to expend), Paul, Jack and even Gracie.

One more thing: to the Airplane: I know you're there. You make *me* laugh and cry. I love you all. Thank you from me.

Peter Moncure.

Gambardella: You threaten me. I hate you. **Jack Cassidy: *Please* don't hurt anyone.**

p.s. that's Don Steed of VFB in the background taping the cop's words.

Dear Sirs & Mr. Crawford:

With this Rufus thing, are you kidding? "Rufus the Bigot Minutemanesque Reptile". His first appearance was righteous and together, but this latest thing on the moratorium? Come on. The ignorant red necked lackey goes to pass his lunch hour watching the freaks demonstrating "Whaa...? 'Commie hippie creeps!' and complete the picture with Martin Luther King or Jesus Christ on the podium. Or even you.

Peter Gordon

VFB: Would you believe, Malcolm Baldridge?

VFB:

Re the letter from two members of Women's Liberation regarding your "Brief Poem":

It seemed to me that the poem concerned itself not with forcible relations but merely with the change of heart which has sometimes been known to occur in a woman in the face of male persistence. At worst, this would involve persuasion; hardly coercion.

On the other hand the "poem" 's humor was rather snide, and I object to it on that ground too. But I feel that it should be remembered that a great many women are as good at playing games as any man. In that light the poem was a mock on games-playing, as well as an instance of at least mildly objectionable snide sexual humor.

Why not take on the real enemy in this affair of the hearts, *Playboy Magazine*, which while it doesn't claim to be leftist DOES claim to favor "liberation" while prostituting dozens of women who also prostitute themselves--each issue.

I can see how even a mildly counter-revolutionary brief published in VFB might strike Women's Liberation as a scab in the back; but lets face it, American Legion "men" are much more likely to peruse *Playboy* than to take a rather sustained *View From the Bottom* in search of a single snide poem.

And I'm asware of skirting the issue somewhat; in which case Carol LASHine and Harriet WOLFf (was that a put-on?) at least now have a more cohesive target, perhaps even material for a good article.

Peace,
Bob Roth

kangaroo kourt kontinues

by Frank H. Joyce
Special to the Fifth Estate

CHICAGO, Oct. 25–This week the Conspiracy is still learning about agents and informers.

Tobin, Chicago Police-undercover; Carcarano, Chicago Police-undercover; Rodriguez, Chicago Police-undercover; Salzberg, underground press photographer known personally and more or less trusted by many of the defendents, got paid $10,000 as an FBI informer for the last two years, code name, Winston; Sweeny–FBI Informer; Killian–reporter for the far right Chicago Tribune; Chicago Police-undercover. The list goes on.

Tobin, Carcarano, Rodriguez, Salzberg, Sweeny, Killian, Darga, a veritable all-'merikan melting pot of spies and finks.

The trial grinds on, settling into some routine, some tedium. Pig after Pig after Pig they move through the 23rd floor modern stainless and walnut train station of the U.S. Railroad.

"I overheard Tom Hayden say he was a revolutionary." "Jerry Rubin said to fight the police." Rennie Davis said, "Hell no we won't go!" to a crowd of people. He also said, "Let's fight the pigs. Let's get them. Let's go." David Dellinger told the crowd (in San Diego) to come to Chicago for the Convention and they applauded.

So it goes. Blah, Blah, Oink.

Most of what these agents here say is complete fabrication–not just about what the defendents are alleged to have done but about everything.

One said, under oath, that the strongest language he ever heard used by any policeman during an incident was "sonuvagun" and "damn".

Despite the enormous pressure which the Nixon-Mitchell-Agnew government puts on Bobby Seale he is unbroken and his spirit remains defiant and good.

Another hassle develops over the Button motion in which defense attorney Kunstler tries to get the judge to force the marshalls to allow people into the court room who are wearing buttons. Hoffman refuses.

Rennie and David Dellinger have received a request from the North Vietnamese to come to Paris to discuss important developments concerning U.S. prisoners of war. Permission is neccessary from the judge for them to leave the country, even though they will be back in time and not miss a single minute of the court proceedings. Hoffman refuses. Attorney William Kuntsler finally flys to the Paris meeting.

But the fact remains. The truth that Judge Julius J. Hoffman is a paychotic, malevolent, asshole is not the major issue in this case. Just as the behavior of the Daley's police at the 1968 Democratic Convention diverted attention from the War in Vietnam and the bankruptcy of American imperialist foreign policy, the atrocities of Magoo have distracted the mass media and those who depend on them for their information from the legal-political issues of the case.

Those issues have to do with what it is that the eight defendents need to be doing other than sitting in a courtroom (and in the case of Bobby Seale, the Cook County Jail) and the methodology of the ruling class government attempt to punish and destroy the Movement for its successes. (It is after all some sort of federal offense to cross state lines to embarrass and expose the Democratic Party and the City of Chicago before the entire planet. One can hardly expect to escape such success without some penalty although 80 man years in prison not to mention the hassle and expense of the trial itself is excessive.

Rx Medicus Aquarius

Dear Doctor Aquarius,

Any information you could give on Spanish Fly would be appreciated. Like, is it harmful, where can it be obtained, its price, where does it come from, was any research done on it, etc. etc.

Aphrodisiacs have been studied more by historians than by scientists. Papri from the Middle Kingdom of Egypt (around 2000 BC) gave recipes for preparing "erotic potions". Each culture has had its own favorite foods which were believed to produce greater potency. The Romans trusted lampreys (an eel-like fish); the French considered tomatoes to be "love apples" (they were once banned); the Irish honored potatoes ("Will your ladyship have a potatoe-pie? 'tis a stirring good dish for an old lady after a long lent."); and others have used onions, asparagus, clams, oysters, caviar, eggs (especially hard-boiled), and raw steak. The idea that foods should be sexually stimulating has been related to the "doctrine of signatures". This principle states that there should be a physical resemblance between an illness and its cure (so that scarlet fever should be treated with a red cloth). Thus many foods which have resembled sex organs (such as oysters and asparagus) have been considered aphrodisiacs. The name vanilla derives from vagina (the Romans recognized the resemblance of the vanilla root to the vaginal canal). Phallic-shaped pastries have been popular in the religious cermonies of many cultures. The mandrake root, which remarkably resembles both the male and female sex organs, has had a long tradition in this sense in Europe and the East. In Genesis, Leah used the root to "lie with" Jacob. The ginseng root is forked and resembles the male body. It was thought to be capable of restoring virility to the aged and impotent in the East. The Chinese and Tartars once fought for possession of the countryside where it grew. (It has also been considered a cure for malaria, stomach pains, menstruation, sore gums, and asthma.) It became so scarce in Manchuria that its collection was prohibited, and it has sold for as much as $400 an ounce. Despite these fascinating examples (for which I am mostly indebted to Ellis and Ararbanel's Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior), there is no evidence that any foods have sexual stimulating properties.

The only aphrodisiacs which have been given serious medical consideration are the cantharides (such as Spanish Fly), yohimbine, and strychnine. My search of the world's medical reports from America, France, Germany, and India--and they were all rather boring. (By comparison, a disease called kuru which occurs only in the Fore tribe of the highlands of eastern New Guinea and is known affectionately as the "laughing death", rated sixteen articles last year alone.) This lack of research is hard to understand. While the three drugs listed above are all quite dangerous, there is no reason to believe that a safe drug couldn't be discovered or invented. There is some interest in drugs which may cure impotence, but these are not sexually stimulating in the immediate sense.

Spanish Fly is made from a Southern European beetle. The beetles are anesthetized, dried, and then heated until they disintegrate into a fine powder. When the powder is eaten it causes irritation of the bowel with vomiting, and of the urinary tract with a painful itching sensation in the penis (or, in the woman, the urethra). The sexual stimulation of the drug may be in part a result of the desire to try to relieve the itching by screwing. It may also produce a sustained erection as a result of the irritation. Occasionally the erection doesn't "come down" and we then have a condition known as priapism. Priapism can be cured by surgery, but the patient is then almost always left impotent. Taken excessively, Spanish Fly can cause shock and death. I don't know how much it costs or how to get it (if you haven't been thoroughly discouraged yet).

I have previously discussed the question of whether the psychedelic drugs are sexually stimulating. My experience is that for certain people, at certain times, they are, but that this is not a sufficiently consistent biological effect to consider them as aphrodisiacs. The best aphrodisiac is still a good woman -- or a good man.

Doctor Aquarius is a New Haven psychiatrist. He welcomes your questions or comments on medical or personal problems. Write to VFB, 532 State Street, New Haven, or call 865-2486 and leave your question with our aphrodesiac secretary.

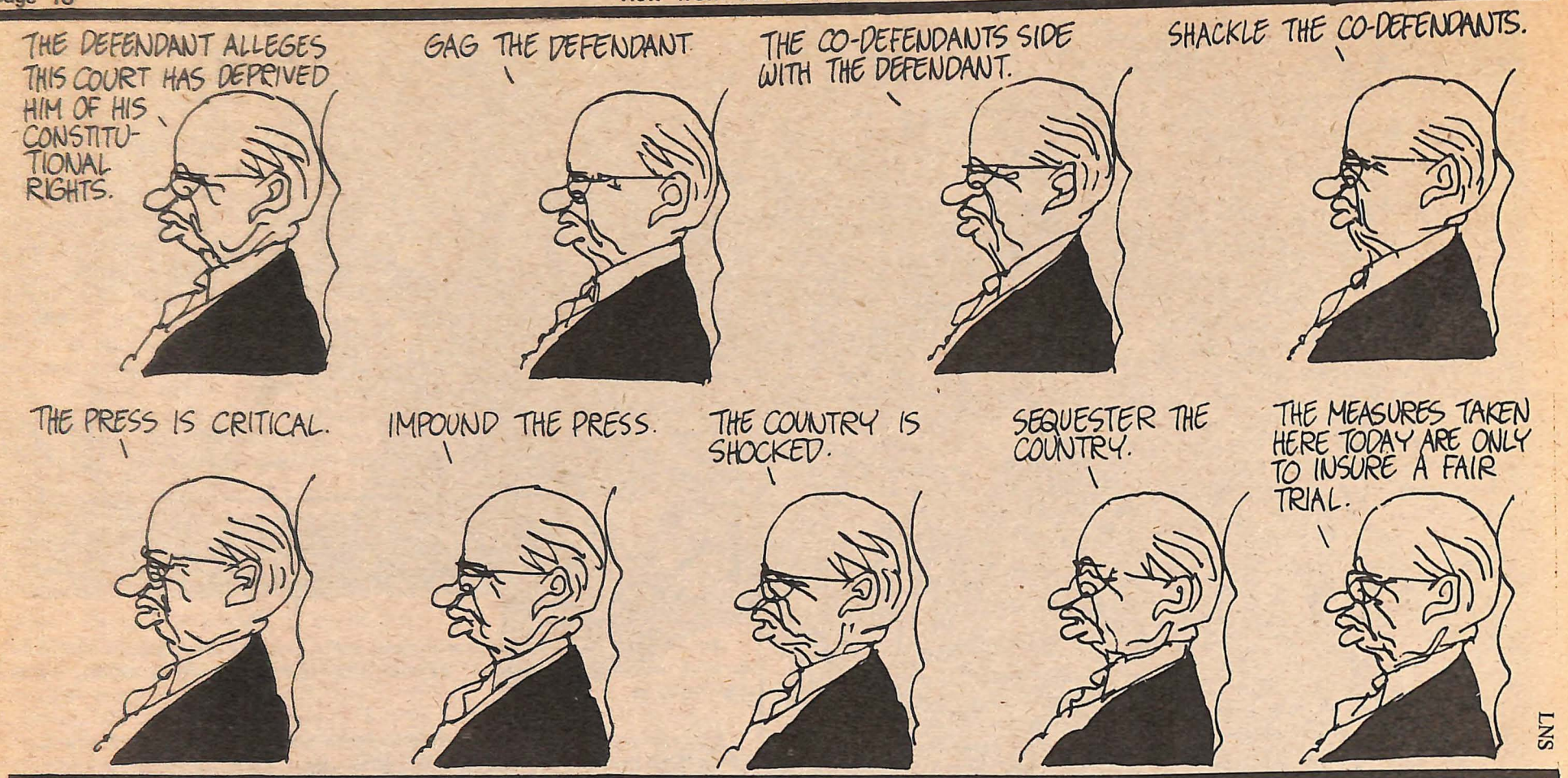
Get Together-Some how?
A word from the Bottom
Letter to the Editor

Dear V. F. B.

Concerning your article of approximately three issues ago, about the freaks of New Haven not getting together. On the afternoon of the Columbus Day Parade I spoke to one of VFB's paper pushers about this problem who in turn told me that something was being done. I find that nothing has been done to get a "Hep Community" together-so I write this letter as a hopeful beginning. Not only has nothing been done but it seems as though the situation has worsened. One of the main problems I feel is the amount of "klicks" which are dominating in the downtown region of New Haven. A walk-in, sit-down establishment called the "Sizzlebord" is the main "head" quarters for these cold, violent, nauseating people. Not everyone who is usually in there is of this type though. It is just a couple of groups. When one walks in to get something to eat or just to sit down awhile he feels like walking back out, due to the looks of these unhip freaks who give you the look of "What the fuck are you doing in here, this is our place." Then when you sit down these plastic heads put you on display. If this is what New Haven is turning out to be, there is very little hope of a strong hep "community." I would not want to be with a bunch of "greaser reformists" trying to outdo the other.

On Halloween night I thought there might be some chance to get this problem over with, but the following only showed what I have just explained. Woodstock was a good example of how it should be in New Haven, but it looks more like Chicago in the 1920s. I have spoken with a number of the good hep people on this and they all agree with my point of what is now happening here. This letter I hope will bring about a start to what should be and what now isn't, or it will be a cold, cold winter in more than one way.

S. T. C.



TRIPS DON'T OFF PIGS

EVO: Not long ago, you and Chairman Bobby Seale went on a lecture tour in the Scandinavian countries. What can you tell me about this?

Masai: It was quite an educational trip. We found that most whites and blacks had an erroneous set of ideas about the Black Panther Party. Everyone was convinced that we were racists. They didn't understand that we were a political party. They thought that at worst we were a gang, at best a self-defense group. For us the trip was very educational and the reception we received was very good as far as the broad masses were concerned. The governments weren't quite as happy and therefore we had pigs follow us wherever we went: Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Finland.

EVO: You are talking about the confusion abroad regarding the Black Panther Party's position. Surely you are aware that the same exists here. You are being lumped together with the various cultural nationalists–the Lee Roy Joneses, the Karingas, the Muslims. It seems that all too few people are aware of your political stance–to quote Eldridge– "For a black man it is far more important to read Marx rather than learn Swahili." This is not known to many and I think it is necessary to enlighten people as to exactly where the Black Panther Party stands. At what point did this evolvement occur? Since when was Mao's Red Book quoted as the party guideline and your non racist position put forth?

Masai: What you said is correct, from the Party's inception these were our guidelines. We had our 10-point Platform and Program and Chairman Mao's quotations. Our mottoes were taken from the Red Book. We had both long before we had any guns. Through practice we proved that we worked with every group that was willing to work for just causes for the broad masses of people. The inherent contradictions built into the so-called Black Liberation struggle weren't quite as obvious then to many people. Without study it would be impossible for them to understand it. But the Party studied the Red Book since its inception.

EVO: Would you mind going into the 10-point Program?

Masai: Ours is not a sterile program. We see the need to keep it a living creative thing because it comes from the people. The people's needs and knowledge are constantly progressing to a higher level.

Point 1–We want freedom. We want the power to determine the destiny of our black community.

Point 2– We want full employment for our people.

Point 3– We want an end to the robbery by the white man of our black community. About two months ago tricky Dick Nixon came up with a little cancerous scheme that he called Black capitalism. Now we are hip to this and we ain't going for it either. We want to put an end to the robbery by the capitalists– no matter what their color. Black, white, pink, purple, striped, or polka dot. They think they can change the conditions. They are crazy. We are not mechanical, one sided or superficial. Our program is based on realities, on dialectical materialism, the basic needs and desires of the people. We use it that way and apply it in the same manner. When they try to change things around and stick Black capitalism on us, it won't work either. You see one of the places they specifically want to make a bastion of Black capitalism, just happens to be Oakland, Calif. We know this isn't a coinicdence either.

Point 4– We want decent housing fit for the shelter of human beings, not underprivileged animals.

Point 5– We want education for our people that exposes the true decadent nature of American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present day society. This doesn't mean that we are hung up in Black Studies either. That's a new trick bag. We don't mean to get hung up studying Swahilli for the next 16 semesters while we are being oppressed, suffering unemployment, low paying jobs, high taxes, high cost of living, war after war and police brutality. Just because they want to send us to school on a federal grant to get deep off into African studies, which has nothing to do with the hell we catch every day. On our trip we talked to many brothers from Africa, brothers who are actively involved in revolutionary struggles. These brothers are not hung up in Swahilli or Arabic, nor are they running around like 17th century Zulu warriors. These brothers are trying as hard as they can to get deep into Marxism-Leninism and put it into practice. Very few of the African brothers that we met had what could be called a "Natural Head." They just had hair. You couldn't call it one of those custom tailored natural heads. They never spoke Swahilli and every time we told them that there were brothers here studying Swahilli for the revolution, they burst out laughing. To them it was the funniest thing they ever heard. We say we want education that teaches us our true history and our role in society. The only role for a slave is to revolt. The only role for the oppressed is revolution.

Point 6– We want all black men to be exempt from military service. It is not that we worry only about black men. It is just that everybody else is saying "Hell no we won't go." If there is one thing that the mother country radicals don't need it is help to stay out of the draft. They have already spoken for them themselves. Various ethnic revolutionary groups such as the Mexican-American Brown Berets, the Chinese-American Red Guards, the Indian-American NARP and others have programs similar to ours because ours is a universal program. Our program was written specifically with the basic needs and desires of the black people in mind, but as I said it is really universal. Everybody who wants it can have it. It isn't the program of the Black Panther Party because we dreamed it up. It is so because it came from the people and as I said this was before we had guns.

EVO: Would you mind going into what became the central focal point in the current wave of rebellions in the colleges– namely the demand for Black Studies programs?

Masai: The movement toward Black Studies in colleges and other Black cultural programs has become a fixation. At one point in the revolutionary development of our people it was a revolutionary step. Instead of taking it as a beginning step many of the cultural nationalist opportunists have latched on to it. Federally financed culture we don't need. There is hardly going to be a federally financed revolution. Most of the cats that propagate Black nationalism in the streets practice integration between the sheets. They support the worst kind of idealism. They and their society will inevitably become more and more reactionary. The education will not be relevant unless the masses have community control over the institutions within that community. An outside teacher, no matter how well-intentioned or black-oriented cannot come in and teach the working class anything relevant to their own class struggle. That's what the struggle is, a class struggle, not a race struggle. If a bourgeois grad, a Negro with all the credentials from Fisk and Howard comes comes in, he cannot tell the field niggers anything about solving their problems. He hardly knows them, let alone help them. Education has to be revolutionary, or it isn't relevant. Black Study programs, as approved by the different state school boards are nowhere near revolutionary. As a matter of fact it is a reaction reactionary fixation trying to take the cultural throwback to 200 years ago.

EVO: How do you feel about the psychedelic culture?

Masai: I am opposed to any kind of idealism and metaphysic moonism or spookism. I am opposed to getting caught up in wishes and dreams. I don't think that psychedelic trips kill pigs. One may get loaded every now and then but the Party relates to what the masses relate to. We know that the system propagates psychedelic bullshit like they propagate racism because it is a throwback. It hampers and hinders the masses in their struggle toward a truly revolutionary consciousness. The cats that have the conviction that if everybody gets loaded on acid things will be allright, couldn't be more off base. From practice we have reached the conclusion that things don't necessarily get allright. We don't have the time for it. We experienced it. We got as high as we wanted to but we still knew that we had the bloodsucking businessman, the demagogic politician and the racist pig cop on our backs. Changing our consciousness did not change objective reality. If anything it fucks up one's shooting eye. Therefore for us psychedelics are more of a hangup than a help.

I heard a lot of mother country radicals say that they got hip through psychedelics. I say they got hip through nightsticks up at the demonstrations, through being busted for having long hair, through being jailed because of their beards. They got hip through through objective reality, through social practice, and especially through the practice of class struggle, not psychedelics.

EVO: Do you oppose a man's right to get stoned whenever he wants to, regardless of his political ideology?

Masai: No, we wouldn't dispute that right by any means... just that the Black Panther Party is an organization that demands and must have at all times compact organization and strict discipline. We know that this is impossible on trips. Those out there that want to kill pigs by throwing flowers at them– that's up to them. We have different means and tactics to make the pigs act in a desired manner.

Point 7–We want an immediate end to police brutality and the murder of black people. The reason this is spelled out is that until last year many people thought that we were exaggerating. They said, "sure pigs brutalize black people a little bit, but it isn't as bad as you say." But then what went down here in Chicago looked like the charging Light Brigade and this time got the white fellows. And then the shit hit the fan. The middle class was really shook up. There were their sons and daughters getting their heads caved in. It was Sooooo outrageous but it wasn't news to us. We are hip to the educational process.

What you are getting is a cram course. We went through the process for 300 years. Now the white middle class and the intellectual radicals are getting their cram course in instant oppression. It manifests itself in its highest form in pig brutality. As I said before– ours is a universal program and the oppressed white will have to reach the same conclusions as we did–sooner or later.

Point 8–We want freedom for all the blacks held in Federal, State, City and County prisons and jails. Once again we were accused of being one-sided, which isn't true. The thing we know is that none of us ever had a fair trial. It is impossible the way the court system is set up. We also know that pretty much of the same applies to the working class whites because this is a class society.

Point 9–We want all black people brought to trial to [illegible]d by a jury of their peers, members of their own black community, as defined in the constitution.

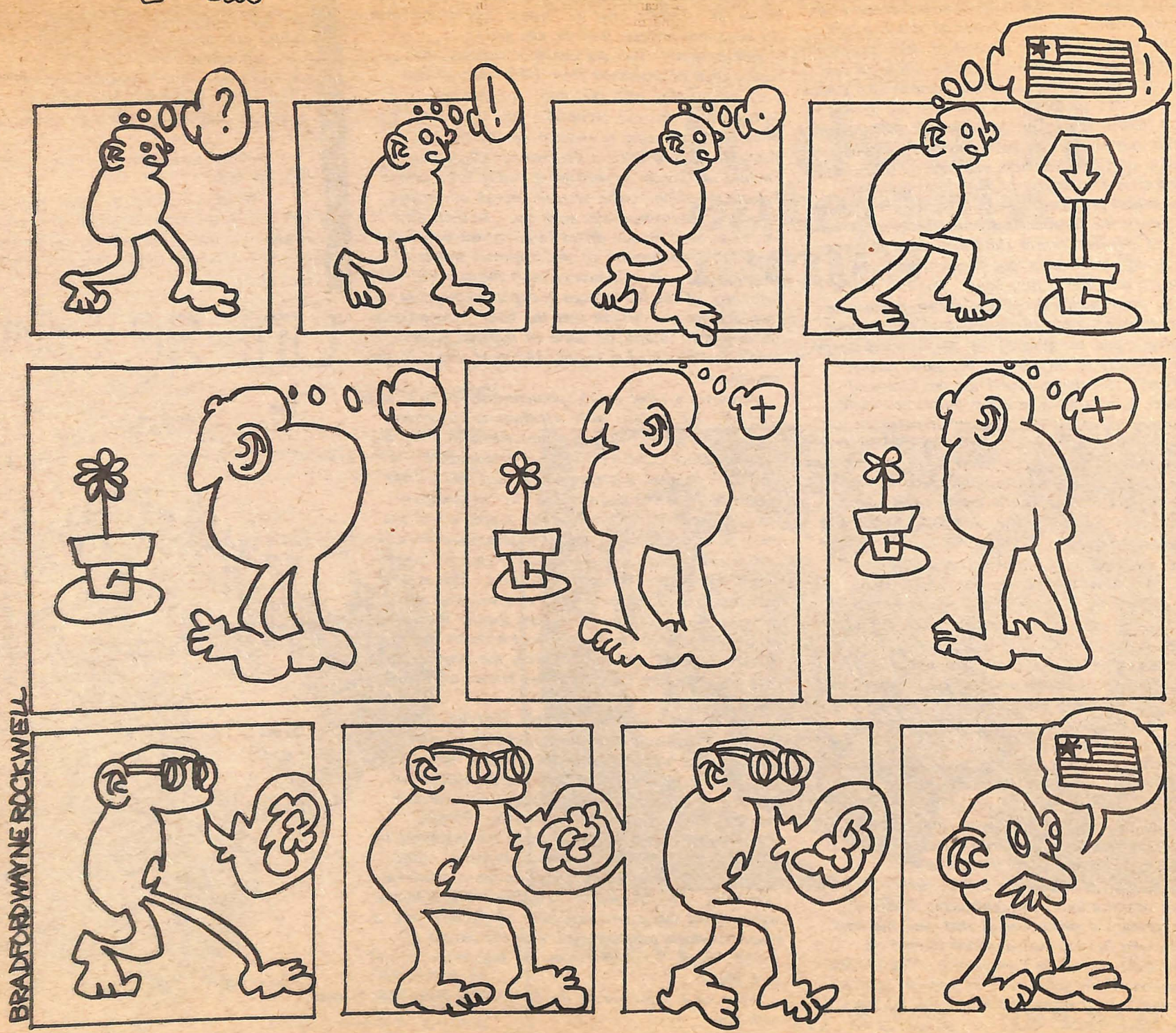
Point 10– in summation– we want bread, land, housing, education, clothing, justice, peace. Our main political objective is a UN supervised plebiscite in which only black colonial subjects will be allowed to participate for the purpose of determining their national destiny. If people aren't hip politically they question the word 'colonial.' The ghettoes are colonies and are occupied by a pig occupying force. They may call it city police or county sheriffs but in reality they all are an occupying army.

EVO: Do you consider yourselves equals with your fellow conspirators?

Masai: No, we don't, reality points to that. We take the score and see pigs and Panthers going down. We do see a lot of other people getting locked up but we don't see anybody getting buried. The pig has it in for us. Therefore we think that we are more of a thorn in his side than anybody has been for a long time. There has never been such a concentrated effort to kill off a leadership and the rank and file of an organization as the one g ing on against us. Call us Red or Black or vice versa. We dig Chairman Mao, Ho Chi Minh, we have a profound love for Fidel Castro. I am not talking about their own individual ideological lines. We dig what they are doing. They resist and as long as they resist we have a chance to survive. People really get hung up behind the communist thing. To that we say that there are no hard core revolutionaries here. We just hope one day to measure up to Chairman Mao and Ho Chi Minh. As far as the others– the Progressive Labor Party, the Socialist Labor Party, the various breeds of Trotskyites, the SDS, the Yippies, the Hippies, the Sitinners, the Singinners, the Dropouts, the Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers– we don't see any of those on our level. Otherwise they would be going to the cemetery a[illegible]o. There is no vanity in me saying all this because we would like a whole lot of people to be on our level. The Vanguard role is not a pleasant one, but we aren't going to back up a bit. While they try to kill us off, we shall hit back as fast and as hard as we can. We are going to do that because that is the people's will. But we don't fool ourselves either that there is anybody for us to really count on now when the shit gets really deep for us.

stolen from *East Village Other*

IT'S SO QUIET OUTSIDE JIM .... IS IT SNOWING? IT ALWAYS SEEMS SO STILL WHEN THE SNOW FALLS.
OUTSIDE WHAT?
WHAT IS REALLY HAPPENING?
BRADFORD WAYNE ROCKWELL
BRADFORD WAYNE ROCKWELL
MENCKEN FUNNIES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BRADFORD WAYNE ROCKWELL

BOOK REVIEW

Robyn Lewis & Bill Crawford

R. Crumb, *Fritz the Cat*, Ballantine Books, 64 pp., $2.95.

R. Crumb's new comic collection, *Fritz the Cat* has some very annoying features. The first is the price. The book is big (10" x 13") with full-color covers... but $2.95 for 64 pages of black and white comics?!

Apparently the only thing Ballantine Books understands about Crumb is the money he can make for them. Ah, Corporationland!

So what is Crumb? What else besides a saleable commodity? His drawing is fantastic--beautiful and truer than life. He can portray in his characters the most subtle and revealing human emotions so convincingly but with such finesse that we're hardly aware he's doing it. And the satirical content of his work often strikes very deep, pointing out contradictions and paradoxes in the most fundamental and unspoken cultural assumptions. At his best, Crumb is an unusually fine and very radical cartoonist.

Unfortunately, this collection is not Crumb at his best. The drawing and characterization are excellent, but the stories are very weak and the satire is superficial. Part of the reason for this is that the strips are old ones. "Fritz Bugs Out" and "Secret Agent for the C.I.A." were done in 1965, and "Fritz the No-good," the most recent in this collection was done in '68. (That in itself is very irritating.) Crumb has developed considerably since then.

The first story "Fritz Bugs Out" is about a college kid who acts very hip (hip phrases: "up tight," "strung out" "hung up" "spaced out," etc. appear in the text with idiotic frequency) but he's really a schmuck, and so are the characters around him. Of course the characterization is very good, there is much less resort to stereotype than one would expect in a comic strip, but unless you're a part of the restricted world Crumb is dealing with here-- the college scene and the narcissistic problems of the upper middle class white college kid-- "Fritz Bugs Out" is mostly irrelevant.

In "Secret Agent for the C.I.A." Fritz is a James Bond type, invincible, and irresistible to women. There are two remarkable drawings in this story (scenes of the construction and subsequent crash landing of a huge rocket: Red China's "ultimate weapon") but aside from that, there is little here that we haven't seen elsewhere.

In the last story, "Fritz the No-good," Fritz is kicked out of the house by his wife because he's stoned all the time and won't get a job to support their kid. He runs into a bunch of "revolutionaries" who involve him in a hare-brained bomb plot which fails. He does time in prison and emerges much the same as before. The curious thing about this one is the characterization of the "revolutionaries." These are very weird people. At one point in the meeting (before the bomb plot is hatched) a female figure (played by a horse) is beaten and then gang-banged for speaking out of turn. No doubt this psychopathic element exists on the left, as it does elsewhere on the political spectrum, but in a satirical work, the element depicted becomes a symbol for the whole, which means that some readers will gleefully apply this strange characterization to the movement in general. In such a situation, Crumb's creation becomes the crudest establishment propaganda. This is not to say that certain elements or tendencies in the movement cannot be criticized, attacked, mocked, or laughed at, but this kind of thing must be kept among ourselves. Crumb should not be expected to censor himself, he can say whatever he needs to say-- there are no sacred cows-- but for godsake don't say it in the overground press!

RELATIONSHOP or, Cash In On Love!
(subtitle taken from a newspaper ad directed at potential bridal shop entrepreneurs)

Right now you might very well be asking yourself, How can I get laid? After all this is a sick society, there's a certain amount of what a sensitive soul might call "repression" coming down on our heads as well as going on inside them so like Dylan says "it's hard to get on". And why the fuck, to coin a phrase, is relating sexually such a challenge? On this eternal mystery both long-hair and hood may coalesce, of COURSE there may not be much under the hood, and of course he may have a certain philosophical problem, namely a fucked up "morality," which the freak at least does not profess. But even the love-liest flower child may draw the line--well, in different places, but frequently short of where it's at. Pretty flip, right? But the reason I have to make such light of the matter is that the whole down situation is the result of an insidious conspiracy, and conspiracies are not so much to be taken seriously as they are to be, quite simply, "exposed". So this is how I see the fetters of our loins as woven, or however fetters are made, in like the offices of the Treasury Department, on Television--in short, almost wherever money is made:

The problem is that the "stuff" of our society as presently constituted--its deathblood, its industry, its gross production--is busily engaged in making lots of bread for the people who own the bakeries at the expense of much of what is basic to human nature, including and maybe primarily the sex drive. And this repression is only incidentally done directly by the state police apparatus; most of it is done subliminally through advertising and socially through word, as it were, of mouth.

Because after all, the most basic human need is for relation, of which sex is a rather potent instrument. We being composed at LEAST half of body, and the other half being invisible anyway and rather hard to relate to, then in order to get together at all there's a certain physical thing implied; and yet we see thousands of people just itching for relationship, and yet getting hung up along the way on like words and similar non-sense. But I think this difficulty is no accident: look at bureaucracy, for example. Bureaucracy is DESIGNED to minimize the human element for the sake of organization. The bureaucrat ideally is a cog, perhaps a greasy one at that, and the kind of man who has his own direction doesn't fit well--at least not in the bureaucracy. The process of creation which takes place in personal relationships--and I don't mean just babies--has no place at the office, right?

Which leaves you possibly asking yourself, What's this got to do with me and sex? Well the point is, that the kind of man who functions well in business isn't the kind who is good in bed. A man who's getting that kind of satisfaction, both from himself and his woman, isn't easy enough to push around. To be completely manipulable, a man must be isolated, alone within himself; he must lack a reinforcing frame of reference, a coherent set of personal relationships from which he can derive his OWN values independently of the media and the economy. Only without the mirror of personal relationships can a man be told, through the psych-you-out subliminal methods of mass advertising (see **The Hidden Persuaders** *for a start, watch television for a finish) what he "wants" out of life; and the economy dictates how he can get it.*

For example, you dig having a woman. But you've been brainwashed from birth with an anti-body philosophy, nice girls don't do that sort of thing, and so on. So eventually you are trained not to make your appeal to woman not by BEING A MAN but by OWNING a Camaro (or Charger or Firebird or Cougar or perhaps if you're cool even a Yamaha), which you've seen in enough advertising to associate auto-matically with sex. In such way the most basic human drives (dig) are made to subserve the "enrichment" of the corporate bosses of the economy. In a thousand ways the weakness and insecurity of the human ego is exploited to make men--and women--believe that the body is something to be sold in return for status or material possessions. And the hooker is only the most direct of the prostitutes.

Whenever a rebel group spontaneously--because after after all, it's in your guts-- attempts to circumvent the demand for a 9-to-5 axistence alienated from the human essence (CREATIVITY), its message is CO-OPted in most superficial form and sold to the masses in department stores and the "communications" (actually commercial) media before a few too many souls catch on to what's happening.

Co-optation takes many forms. Note, for example, that long hair is increasingly tolerated. This gives the drive that makes you want to grow your hair, someplace to go; thereby making simpler the suppression of the wilder impulse which insists on expressing itself in wild hair. This is the famous process discovered by Dr. Freud and known as SUBLIMATION.

The hippies, with their simple lifestyles, inexpensive tastes, where-it's-at ideas, found it possible for human beings to relate directly, without the signing of a lifetime economic contract and acquisition of the kind of job that makes owning a new car and buying expensive bellbottoms possible. Various drugs apparently opened a potential for beginning relationships free of conditioned self-defenses; hard music penetrated to the sex beat at the core of human being. But the human fulfillment which hippie style offered was a circumvention of the economy; a situation which was remedied with the advent of $1,000 "hippie" costumes and the high price of acid rock music.

When all I really wanta do, is baby, be FRIENDS with you.

colonial COURTSHIT revived!!

POTTSTOWN, Pa. Some teen-agers with their parents' full approval, have revived the colonial form of courtship known as Bundling.

The youngsters say there's nothing wrong with it. It's strictly supervised and as Dolores Smyth said, "It's a form of togetherness which allows two people to be alone...

Miss Smyth, president of the Pottstown Society to Bring Back Bundling to America, said the members expect some criticism.

"But we expect to prove that bundling is not only an innocent form of courtship but one which preserves morals while allowing a close relationship between couples."

So far 18 teen-agers have joined the society. All must have approval of their parents.

Bundling was popular in early America. Only the family room of colonial homes were heated. Youngsters who were courting had no place to go for privacy, except unheated bedrooms. Parents would make sure that the girl would lie under one cover, and the boy would lie on top of it. Then a cover was put over both for warmth. Some families had a bundling bed, with a board down the center.

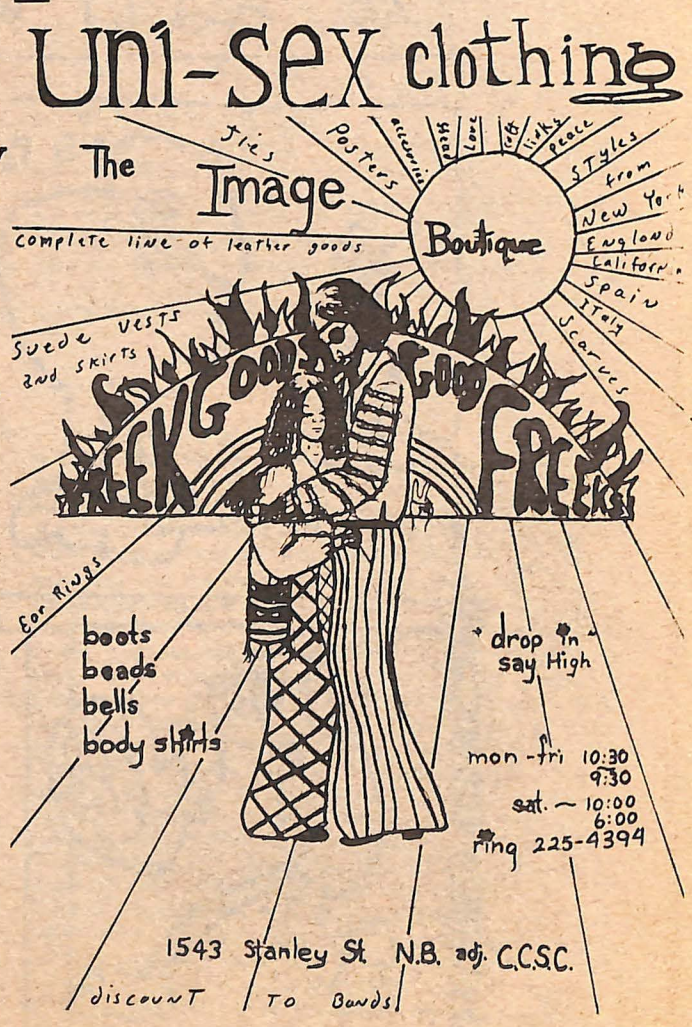
Jane Smyth, Miss Smyth's mother, approves. "At first I was somewhat opposed to the idea, but then I came to realize that it is far more desirable to have the kids at home than not knowing where they are."

The rules are strict. The teen-agers are fully clothed at all times, and the parents tuck them in. Adults are invited into the room at any time.

Thomas Rowberks, one of the bundlers, said, "It's nice to know that parents of girls trust us. I was surprised when I first bundled. Togetherness was something really new to me and Babs, my girl."

Police Chief Richard Tracy, however, doesn't like the idea.

"While I hesitate to make a moral judgment I feel this is an example of the overpermissiveness of today's youths. It would erode the moral fiber of youth and could lead to lack of respect for law and order."



The original manufacturers of the *Great White Wonder* Dylan underground album have split with their bread to either Canada or Switzerland. They did leave several thousand copies in the country, of which about 40 are now floating around New Haven. See the classified ads in this issue for information on how you can get one.

The announcement of ticket sales for the Rolling Stones Thanksgiving concerts in New York resulted in four block lines outside the box office at Madison Square Garden (seating capacity 16,000). At the same time Mick Jagger was quoted in *Rolling Stone* as saying he hoped the audiences on this American tour would be small and intimate.

Speaking of rock empires, Bill Graham's Fillmore record label is finally off the ground. The first two discs, both to be distributed by Columbia, are *The Elvin Bishop Group* led by Paul Butterfield's former guitarist, and *Aum*, a pachuko blues group.

Blues freaks rejoice. Chess is releasing a vintage series of LP's with early tracks by Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Elmore James, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Howlin' Wolf. Many have never been released anywhere before.

Sha-na-na is a group of mostly Columbia U. students who used to sing pseudo-Whiffenpoof songs for alums. A common interest in the 50's got them to do arrangements for all the 50's rock and roll classics. The result is Sha-Na-Na's contribution to the Great Rock Revival, *Rock & Roll is Here to Stay*. This collection of instant nostalgia on Buddah contains such immortal hits as *Book of Love, Why Do Fools Fall in Love, Silhouettes, Long Tall Sally*, and a whole bunch of other stuff. Incidentally, the media masterminds in the parking lot of 1650 Broadway (that's Buddah's address) sent along a Rock & Roll Revival Kit with the album including a greasy comb, a white shoelace, a package of Sen-Sen, a 78rpm record, and a Trojan. Thanks, guys.

The English invasion continues. An unusual spate of first rate English albums has just been released. Among the best:

Fleetwood Mac/*Then Play On*. Their two earlier albums on Epic were pure blues. The first Reprise effort still shows off Peter Green's excellent slide guitar on *Show Biz Blues*, and also some hard rock cum Latin percussion.

The Kinks/*Arthur*. Ray Davies is a genius. *Arthur* (not to be confused with *Tommy* or *Melvin* or *George*) was commissioned as the score for a TV show. Take that Lalo Schiffrin. The album takes a while to get into but once there it's pure bliss.

Joe Cocker. At a recent concert a young lady was so carried away by Joe's contortions that she leapt up on stage and flung herself on Joe's back. After a short while she reached her hand through his legs and began to stroke. Very soon, Joe reached the climax of his career. P.S. The album has good climaxes too.

Blodwyn Pig/*Ahead Rings Out*. Unperverse jazz-rock with Ian Andersen, formerly of J. Tull.

Some English albums which will be coming out soon in America are:

Best of Traffic (with an uncut version of *Paper Sun*), the Strawbs, the Third Ear Band, a new album from Free, and Humble Pie, and let us not forget the crowning schizoid rock record King Crimson of the mighty mouth.

Back in the States the new Jefferson Airplane album has been released after four months of hassle with the management of RCA. It's called *Volunteers* shortened from *Volunteers for Amerika*. The entire package cover art, lyrics, and music is a fairly devastating attack on Fortress Amerika. Now if only some of the groups could get it together to form their own company to avoid all this corporate bullshit.

Other new albums to watch for: Steve Miller Band/*Your Saving Grace*, Ten Wheel Drive/*Construction 1*, Incredible String Band/*Changing Horses*, Byrds/*Ballad of the Easy Rider*, and *Johnny Winter* (the first three sided record ever).

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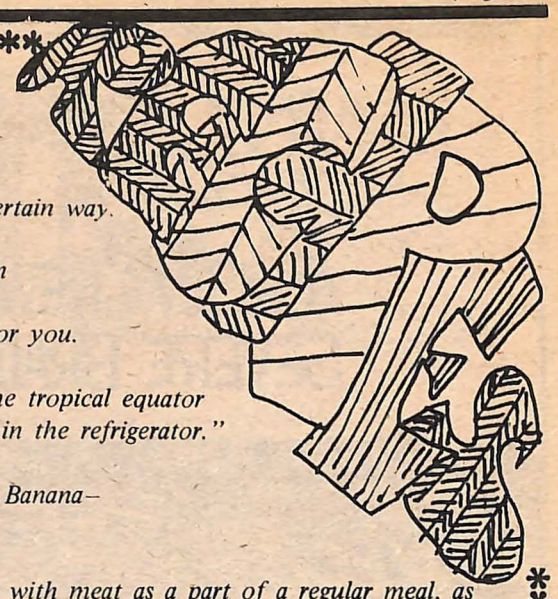

HOT BANANAS

"I'm Chiquita Banana
And I'm here to say
Bananas should be ripened in a certain way.

When they are flecked with brown
And have a golden hue
You know bananas are the Best for you.

But bananas like the climate of the tropical equator
So you should never put bananas in the refrigerator."

–as sung by Chiquita Banana–

1. SUGAR BANANAS

Sugar bananas can be served with meat as a part of a regular meal, as dessert, or as a treat for your friends. A normal portion is one banana per person, but after you taste one, you usually want more.

First, peel the banana(s) and gently slice it down the middle.
Lay it in a shallow baking dish, inside up.
Squeeze ¼ if a fresh lemon over the entire fruit.
Bake at 375°F. for 10-15 mins.
Smother in confectioners sugar and eat right away.

2. DAVID'S BANANA – (In Memorium)

1. Peel it
2. Slice it down the middle
3. Place pats of butter up and down it
4. Sprinkle with lots of brownulated sugar
5. Place in baking pan and bake 10-15 mins. at 375°F.
6. Top it off with finely crushed walnuts.

If you dig a really *sweet and sticky treat, top off* DAVID'S BANANA *with hot caramel sauce (Be Prepared to either throw the pot away or do alot of scrubbin!)*

If you like these hot banana ideas you'll find they go down well with just about anything -- chocolate sauce, honey, or a can of tomato soup.

No matter where or when you eat them, hot bananas gladden you taste buds. They are quick and easy to prepare. And besides, it's much more fun to peel a banana than open a can.

P.S. Watch out -- they can be habit-forming, even if you think you don't like bananas.

The simple minded chef

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ANOTHER
R·dee·R
entertain
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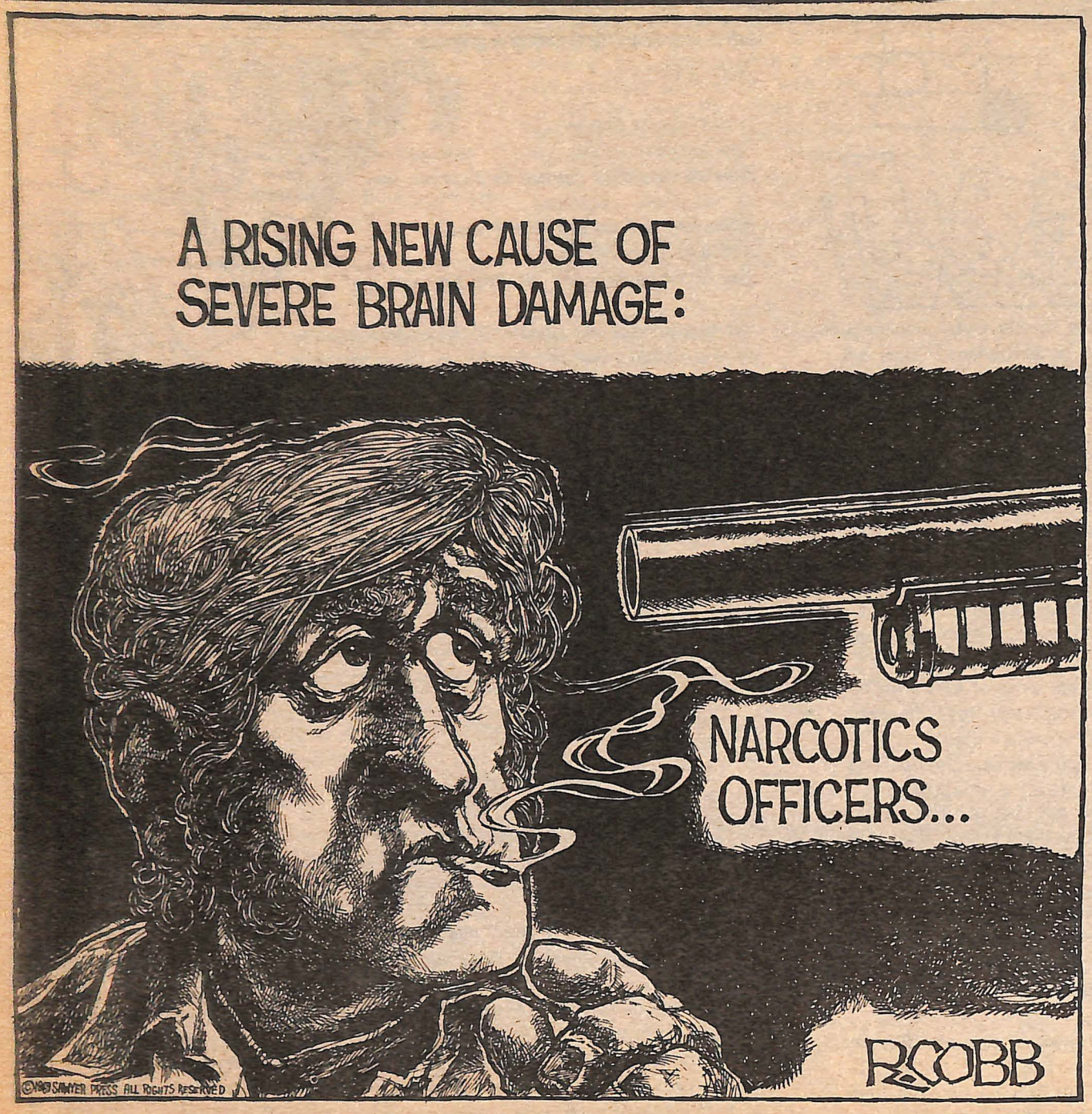
PRESENTATION

HARVEY

TO BOOK: 389-5131



PAPER PUSHERS

NEW HAVEN
Beaver Hill Pharmacy
Bookworld
Bread & Roses
Chapel Book Exchange
College Book Store
Cutlers II
Exit
Group W Bench
Liverpool
New York Deli
R-dee-R
Renaissance
Silver Hammer
Skintrader
Westville Music Center
Yale Coop
Yale News Stand
BRANFORD
Daffodil Barrel
World of Music
CHESHIRE
California I
GUILFORD
The New Stone House
WESTPORT
Rage Record

HAMDEN
Cherry Hill Pharmacy
Current Crafts
Custom Dress Boutique
Music Box
HARTFORD
I-Thou Book Shop
Kamala
Make Believe Shop
Sandal Shop
UFO
MERIDEN
Fever Tree
Music Box
NEW BRITAIN
Image Boutique
Regal Men's Shop
NEWINGTON
Doll Factory
SPRINGFIELD
UFO
STRATFORD
Knowplace
WALLINGFORD
Underground Co.
WEST HAVEN
Etcetera

the ZOO

Experienced gamba player desires expanding early music consciousness in New Haven Call 865-6222, also if you know of any used organ pipes for cheap.

If you don't mind modelling for nothing else but the chance to see yourself in someone else's mind, call Judi Landis at 865-9737, guy and girl together or two girls; Yale art grad, whatever that means...

For Sale--1964 Studebaker $275.00 Call Leonard Sampson, 865-2382 9AM to 5PM.

Wanted: Good, used furniture, free. Call Paul 1-735-0897

Socialist Committee of Correspondence, favoring a demo cratic, scientific approach to socialist revolution, to be organized in New Haven. Learn-Talk—Act with us. Paul Sandahl, 389-4405.

FREE to a good home. Puppies; Brownie, Blackie, White Paw, Scott--6 wks old. Call Bob 772-3300 x 351.

Wanted: Books or any other material about the middle ages. Contact--Roy McCarthy 777-3148.

Need a great Head type band? Throwing a gig and don't want to be hassled with minor details. Leave it all to us. Image Productions 1543 Stanley St. New Britain. 225-4394 anytime. Ask for Gary Coppola Covering all of Conn.

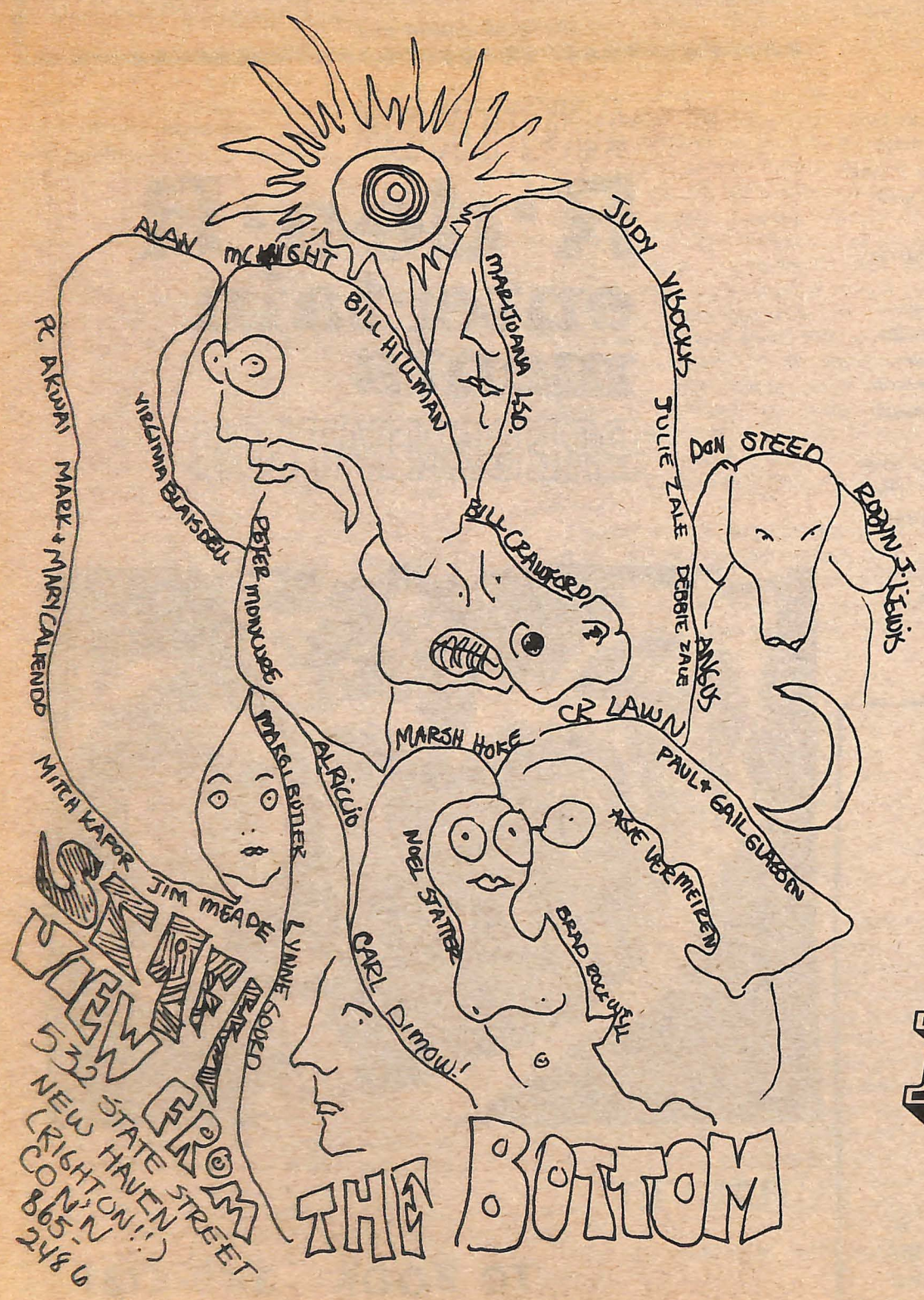
Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic 1.4 Super Takumar Excellent Condition. Used only 6 mos. $135 or best offer. Tony Johnson 777-1679

Lots of Whole Earth Catalogs and supplements. Everything for the mind and body. It is necessary and beautiful. Soon. Now. Cheap prices--distributed by heads. Call either:
Peter 865-6222
or
Peter 865-6222
immediately with a smile in your voice, please.....

Dylan's Great White Wonder 2-LP underground album. A few copies. Call 432-3099 for more info.

Organ Player wanted for heavy group. Hammond preferred must be able to sing. 18 years or over. Call Al 223-7378.

Wanted: Groovy chick to appear, in the raw, in serious experimental film. Must be short, with very long blonde hair and pleasurable proportions. No experience necessary. Not a skin flick. No fooling. Call 5624648.



HELP!

865-2486

RIDE YOUR TRIP

Thurs. Nov. 20 Flick- *The Battle of Algiers* 7:00, 9:30, 12:00 L. S. Audit. $.75
Play- *Sarjeant Musgrave's Dance* Arden, University Theatre, 8:30
Bluegrass- The Enormous Room 8:30 $1.00
Floating Love-Feast-- Yale Episcopal Society, Branford College 5:00
Flick- *Attack* 7:00, 9:30
Drama- *Endgame* by Beckett Studio Theatre Project, 217 Park St., 8:00
Flick- *Berlin. The Symphony of a Great City* Rm. 100, Art Gallery, 8:30 pm
Cabaret- *The Coeducated Porter* 217 Park St., 10-11:30 pm

Fri. Nov. 21 Flick- *Men in War* (1957) Lindsly-Chit
Drama- *Endgame* Studio Theatre, 217 Park St. 8:30 pm
Music- Tony Mason The Exit 9:00
Drama- Ezra Stiles Dining Hall 8:30 pm
Movies- Bread & Roses
Play- *Sgt. Musgrave's Dance* U Theatre 8:30
Dixieland-Jazz- Enormous Room $.75
Cabaret- *The Coeducated Cole Porter* 217 Park St., 10 & 11:30
Loft Coffee House- Jeremy Steig

Sat. Nov. 22 Flick- *The Magnificent 7* Yul Brynner (1960) Linsly-Chit.
Cabaret- *The Coeducated Cole Porter* 217 Park St., 10 & 11:30
Music- Simple Truth The Exit
Folk- Gordon Bok with Pete Seeger Law School Auditorium
Folk- The Enormous Room- $1.00
Loft Coffee House Jermey Steig
GATHERING—N.E. WOMEN'S LIBERATION & THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLING FOR A MASSIVE DEMONSTRATION TO PROTEST THE "PREVENTATIVE DETENTION" OF THE CONN. PANTHERS AND IN SUPPORT OF ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS — 9:30 A.M. -- GREEN

Sun. Nov. 23 Music- Electric Jam Session The Exit
Punca Dance- International Student Center 211 Park St. 4-6 pm (non-members $.50)
WYBC- Reports- *Chemical & Biological Warfare*, 7
Flick- *Garden of Eden & Runaway* Hastings Hall A&A, 8:00
Folk Dancing- 2d floor Hendrie Hall , 9-11:00, Instruction 8-9:00 *(25 cents)*
Loft Coffee House- Jeremy Steig (see ad)

Mon. Nov. 24 Bob Dylan's Tapes- Walt Wagoner The Exit
Flick- *Wages of Fear* Grand Prix, Cannes (1953) 7& 9:45 Lindsly-Chit.
Resistance Dinner- The Enormous Room 211 Park St. 6:00
Poetry Reading- Ezra Stiles Lounge 7:30

Tues. Nov. 25 Folk and Jazz- Exit
New Haven SDS 7:30 102 Lindsly-Chit.
Flick- *Beauty No. 2* Warhol ('65) L.S.
Fantomas Louis Peuillade (1913)

Wed. Nov. 26 Rock- The Technicians- the Exit
Chamber Music- Enormous Room 75 cents
Flick Discussion- Andrew Sarris, critic *Village Voice,* 8:00 free for members Faculty Lounge- Law School, 2nd floor

Thurs. Nov. 27 Bluegrass- Enormous Room- $1.00
Flick- *Love Affair-* 7, 9, 11:00 Lindsly-Chit.

Fri. Nov. 28 Recording Session- featuring Randy Burns, Ed Askew
Tony Mason- *Better Daze-* The Exit
Dixieland- Enormous Room 75 cents

Sat. Nov. 29 Recording Session- featuring Randy Burns, Ed Askew, Tony Mason, *Better Daze-* The Exit
Folk- Enormous Room- $1.00

Sun. Nov. 30 Folk Dancing- 2nd floor Hendrie Hall, 9-11:00, 8-9:00 Instruction 25 cents

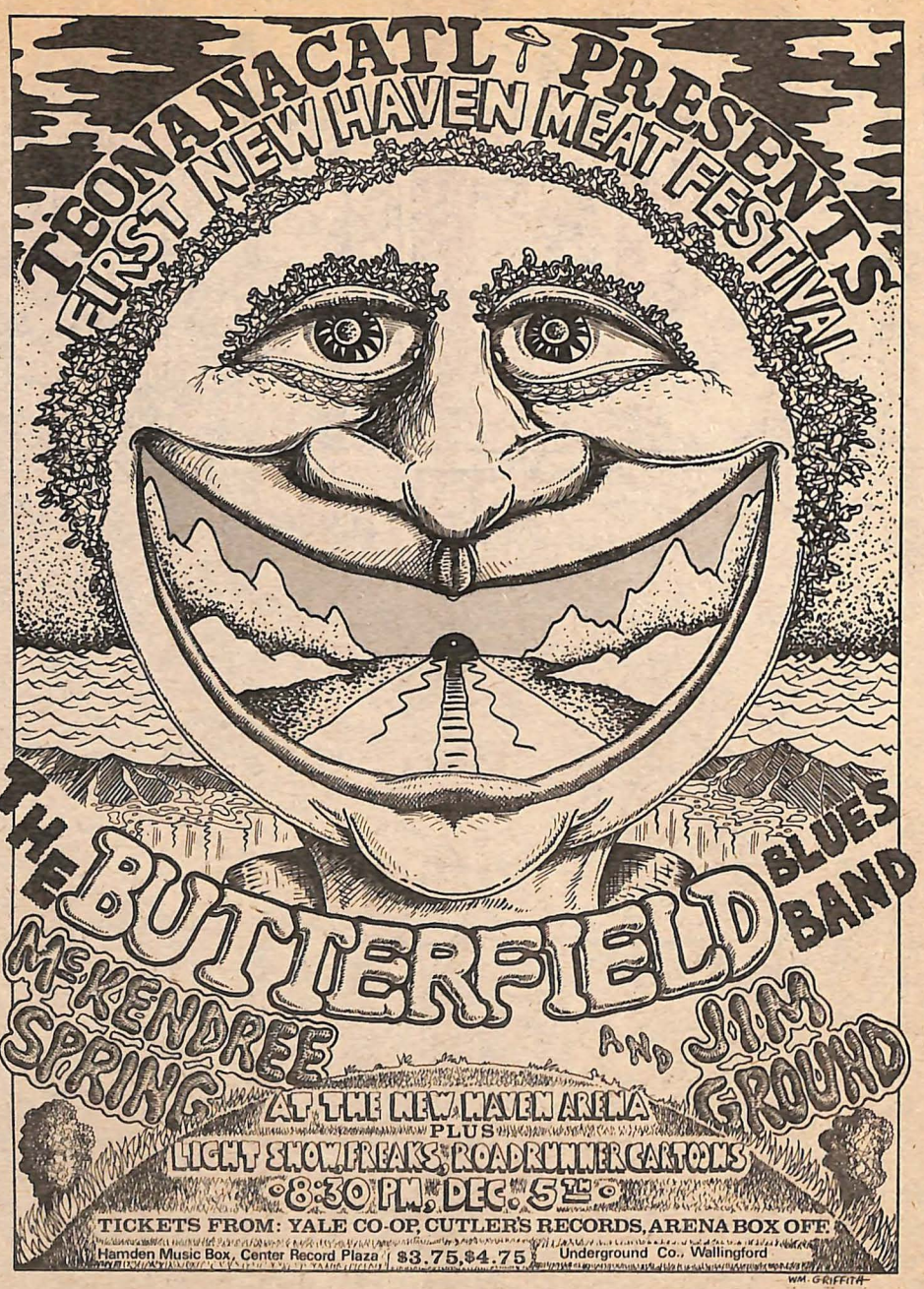
Mon. Dec. 1 Classical & Jazz Flute, Violin, Bass- The Exit
Convention- Brotherhood of Calendar Haters and Disgruntled Typists
Flick- *Point Blank,* Lee Marvin (1967) L.S.

Tues. Dec. 2 New Haven SDS- 7:30 Lindsly-Chit.
Progressive Rhetoric- 11:59 Topic: *Does the NH Resistance Exist?*
Dettingen Te Deum, G.F. Handel, *Christmas Oratorio*
Camille Saint-Saens- Amity Community Chorus at Amity Regional Senior H.S., Woodbridge, 8:30 Tickets: $2.00, Students $1.00
Flick Workshop- *Political Film & Social Change* 101 L.C.
Flick- *Big Business & shorts-* Laurel & Hardy- L.S.

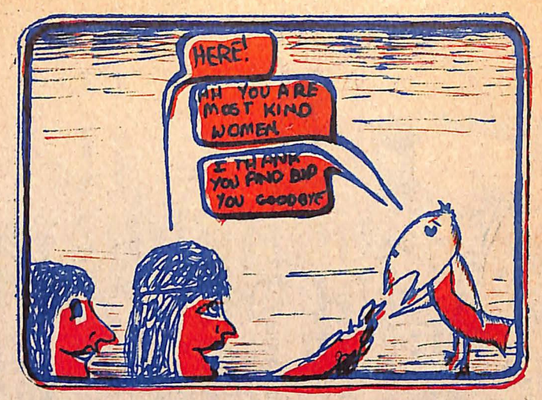
Wed. Dec. 3 Chamber Music- Enormous Room- 75 cents
Flick- *The Lady Vanishes-* Alfred Hitchcock- 7, 9:00 75 cents L.C.

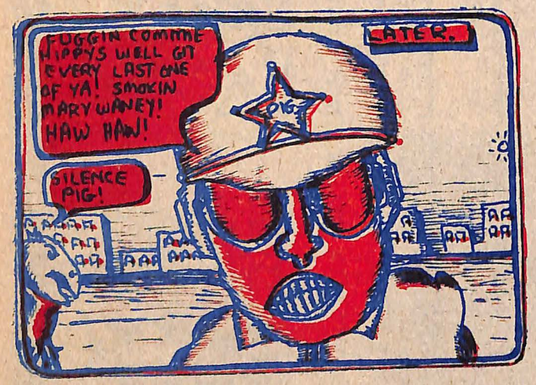
Thurs. Dec. 4 Bluegrass- Enormous Room- $1.00
First Meeting to plan the Inauguration of His Honor Rufus on Dec. 31, 7:30 VFB Office, 532 State St.

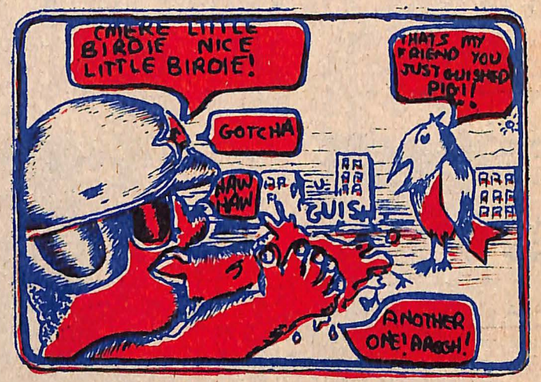
Weekdays Draft Info Center- Wed. 1-5:00, Sat. 10:00- 12 noon, College St.
Resistance Dinner- Mon. 6:00- Enormous Room- **Bring Food**
Skating & Hockey- Ingalls Rink, for time schedule call 865-4457
Long Wharf Theatre- *Tango*, Slawomir Mrozek, Nov. 14-Dec. 6. Tickets: Call 787-4282
Raucous Caucuses (closed) of the PTA Party at any time without notice.
Alice's Restaurant

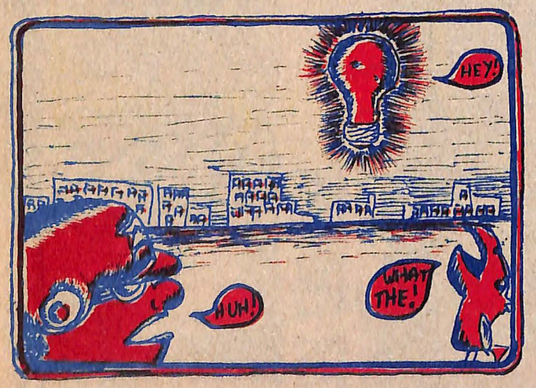


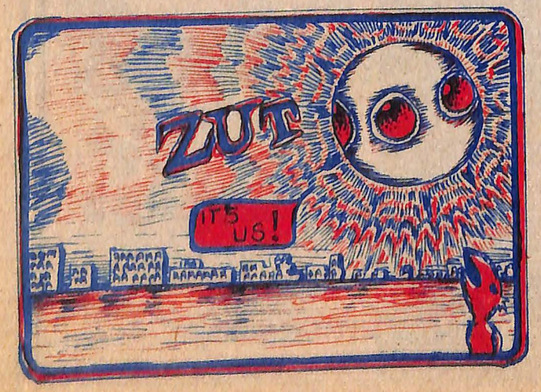
DO IT!



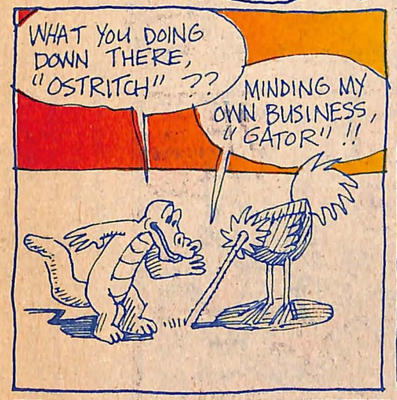
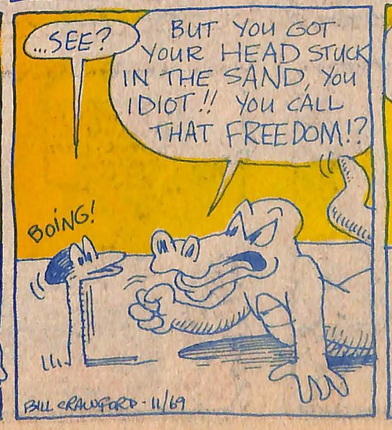
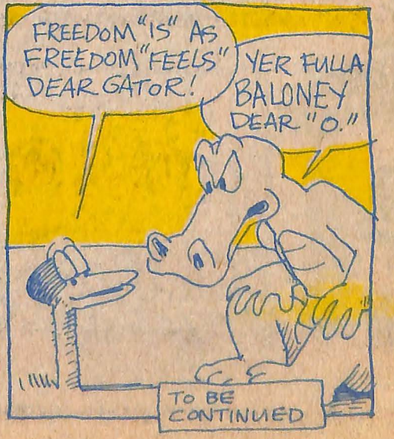








RUFUS

THE RADICAL REPTILE

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